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SO Mr. La Follette is to trail President Harding on that much-heralded speaking trip from Washington to Alaska. Well, if he does we venture to say a very dull trip will have a very lively aftermath. The Senator will have ten listeners for every one who will come to hear the President. Last fall the largest halls in Minnesota could not contain the crowds who came to hear the man who was so recently called "the most unpopular man in America." In one city 10,000 persons heard him in an armory which 5,000 more struggled in vain to enter. In announcing Mr. Harding's second candidacy Mr. Daugherty spoke of his only rival being one who was "always a candidate." We venture to prophesy that in the primaries of the rebel States of the Northwest Mr. La Follette's candidacy will go like wildfire; the people of those States are interested in only two men—Robert La Follette and Henry Ford. The President's special train has all the attraction of a country circus—but while the masses of the Northwest listen they will be planning to vote for "Bob." Mr. Daugherty's sneer will do La Follette no harm and the Attorney General and his friends will have some uncomfortable last minutes at the convention deciding whether to scratch their unpopular entry or not. They will be able to block Mr. La Follette's nomination by their control of the rotten boroughs of the Southern States, but they will have to face a very determined bloc of progressives whose lukewarmness will insure the Republican defeat, to say nothing of a possible default.

THE President's speech to the Associated Press had an unusual note of vigor and certainty in it. It recalls how the Duke of Wellington, when congratulated upon the beautiful style of his dispatches, which he was assured would live longer in people's memories than the merits of his victories, replied: "Yes, I didn't think Gurwood had it in him." If Mr. Harding wrote his own speech there is evidently one subject upon which he can strike fire. His positive affirmation that we shall not enter the League by the side door, the back door, or the cellar door is a severe blow to those who thought that his advocacy of the Court indicated a weakening in the face of Lord Robert Cecil's pleas for the League. It throws down the gauntlet to former Justice Clarke and those others who insist that the League shall be the leading issue in the next campaign, and serves notice upon them that the President is more than willing that the issue shall be raised, if raised it can be.

THE Florida peonage revelations have been horrifying in the extreme and there are encouraging signs that the aroused Northern press, notably the yeoman service of the New York *World*, has begun to have its effect. It looks now as if the guilty sheriff and the judge and many of the others responsible will meet with their just deserts—of course if they had been colored men they would have been lynched long ago. There is evidence, too, that the Florida pocket-nerve is beginning to be touched; fear that the lucrative Northern tourist trade may be affected is apparently becoming an incentive to virtue. But as we have pointed out before, this is not the first time by any means that the scandals of the Florida chain gang have been revealed. Revelations almost as sensational appeared in the New York press just twenty-five years ago. This flurry will be similarly of temporary value and will do nothing to remove a blot upon the American good name or to prevent the most horrible human torture and suffering unless it results in the complete abolition of the monstrous and inhuman chain-gang system which can no more be reformed than can war. Both are utter anachronisms. The blindness of our countrymen! They are up in arms over the execution of a Russian priest, and yet they tolerate year in and year out the doing to death throughout the South of hundreds of innocent men sentenced to the chain gang on trumped-up excuses by crooked sheriffs and venal judges in order that contractors may make money. What pharisaism, what Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy!

GENERAL JOHN H. RUSSELL, the American dictator of Haiti, has made a special report to Secretary Hughes. He begins with the election of Louis Borno as President, not mentioning, so far as the newspaper reports show, the fact that M. Borno was constitutionally ineligible and would never have been elected but for the pressure of General Russell's marines. He adds, almost naively, that "immediately upon taking office President Borno devoted his time to the consideration of a loan to Haiti. As a result, on June 26, 1922, a law authorizing an exterior loan

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of $16,000,000 and an interior loan of $5,000,000 was passed by the Council of State." This was the National City Bank loan, including a provision fastening United States control upon Haiti for thirty years to come. He neglects to state that the service of the loan was so heavy that new taxes had to be devised, but dilates upon the establishment of a rural police and the negotiations for settlement of the interior bonds, interest upon which was defaulted after the Americans took control of the republic. He concludes with a tribute to the efficiency of his own forces but he does not refer to the fact that he still muzzles the press. Nothing that he could say or do can whitewash the infamy of our invasion and overthrow of an independent republic.

POINCARE replies to the German Foreign Minister's tender of the olive branch that "the essential condition of any rapprochement is to be found in two words—always the same—reparations and security." How simple it sounds! The trouble is that neither of the two words ever means the same thing. Security—does it mean security for France alone, and if so, by disarmament of Germany, an armed watch on the Rhine, occupation of the Ruhr, or a policy of good-will—or what? Reparations—what does that mean? Lloyd George talked of seven billion dollars a year in 1918, Klotz of four and a half in 1919, the Reparation Commission of two per year in 1921, and the French plan last January provided for payments of only a quarter billion, in cash and in kind, in the next two years. The condition of rapprochement, M. Poincaré, is to abandon fine-sounding words and to get down to facts and figures.

THE measure in California to repeal the criminal syndicalism law was defeated in committee by a vote of 17 to 2. There it was left for dead; but the struggling sense of decency in the State was embodied in the measure, and that cannot be so easily disposed of. The bill will be brought on again, and will continue to be discussed until California ceases to be known all over the country as a place where men are jailed for mere membership in an organization without having done or said anything contrary to law. A fine-spirited citizen's committee has been backing the movement for a repeal; they must not let this defeat lessen their efforts. For final success they should have the solid support of labor, and it is discouraging to note that organized labor outside of the I.W.W. has only half-heartedly upheld the fight against the law, although it formally indorsed the repeal bill. The strong lumber, power and shipping bosses of course cherish more tenderly their ability to jail industrial trouble-makers than the right of men to freedom or the fair name of their State.

ONE of the reasons why life down on the farm looks so attractive to some of us lies in its apparent permanency. After the buffeting from job to job and from apartment to apartment that constitutes modern city existence, there is a rare fascination in the prospect of a property that is our own. To those vaguely looking forward to security some day in raising chickens or apples it comes as a shock to learn from the Department of Agriculture that 1,250,000 farms in the United States, or one out of every five, changed hands in 1922. About half of these changes, it is true, were among tenant farmers, but the figures are none the less disquieting. About two million persons left our peaceful farms last year for our teeming cities, and we are only mildly comforted by the fact that some 880,000 individuals went from city to farm. We doubt if the latter movement means even as much as the figures suggest. Probably only a small proportion of the 880,000 city dwellers who turned farmward were practical agriculturists capable of producing the food that the country needs. Some were harassed clerks or school-teachers, tired of making 1914 salaries meet 1922 expenses and determined to try pecan-growing or ducks' eggs as a change. Others were people making a comfortable living out of the cities whose work (or leisure) permitted them to withdraw to farms as homes, often summer homes, rather than as means of livelihood. We have a melancholy feeling that it is this latter class alone who will find in farm life the peace and security that we hear about in the song successes of the musical comedies.

WE know very little about the weight of the soviet evidence against Metropolitan Tikhon and refrain from judging, like some of our spirited contemporaries, in the absence of such knowledge. Whatever it is, it is insufficient to warrant the death penalty. We can imagine some of the papers which now breathe so passionately in behalf of "religious freedom" (in Moscow) blowing a different tune if in 1918 John Haynes Holmes or Percy Stickney Grant had prayed for the success of the German arms, maintained communications with Ludendorff and the Kaiser, or otherwise paralleled the acts charged against Tikhon. The roars which they would have emitted would be very like the roar of the soviet press against Tikhon today. We see no justification for executing any man in any case—but in that we differ from most of our contemporaries. If the newspapers wish a really first-class example of fanaticism against a church, however, we commend to them the example of Poland, which after destroying several other fine churches in Warsaw, has just begun to raze the great historic Russian Cathedral, on the supremely silly ground that its architecture is Russian!

MRS. MARGUERITE HARRISON, in defending herself against Mrs. Stan Harding's charge that her arrest in Moscow was due to information given by Mrs. Harrison, has raised an interesting point in journalistic ethics. Mrs. Harrison explains that she and Mrs. Harding had collaborated in Germany in 1919, when Mrs. Harrison was acting jointly as correspondent for the Baltimore *Sun* and as an agent for the Military Intelligence Division of the United States Army, and that the Soviet Government arrested both women because it knew of that espionage service. Mrs. Harrison entered Russia in February, 1920, as correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, the New York *Evening Post*, and the Associated Press; she had agreed again to furnish confidential reports to the American Military Intelligence. We wonder whether the newspapers and the press agency for which she worked knew of her confidential relation with the secret service of the army, and what they thought of it if they did. It sounds harmless enough, yet such relations might effect a very grave injury to the press. The degree to which governments and statesmen trust American newspapermen, the extent to which they impart confidential information, trusting in the correspondent's judgment as to its use, amazes men outside the journalistic fraternity. If the suspicion becomes common that newspapermen may be playing a second role as government spies the delicate relation will surely be broken.

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BY good luck rather than journalistic foresight *The Nation* is able to publish in this issue an account of the progress of the Kuzbas colony that should put forever at rest the wild tales of misery and disaster that are filling the columns of our daily press and have caused the indictment of nine persons charged with luring unsuspecting Americans to a Siberian place of torture. Kuzbas: A New Pennsylvania was written after the departure of the disgruntled colonists who brought back these lurid stories; its information is even later than theirs. It was written by an American university woman who has been a member of the colony since August, 1922. It admits mistakes; it tells plainly what the colonists in Siberia have faced and must expect to face. But it is told with a degree of humor and detachment and willingness to face reality that is wholly refreshing after a diet of fervid horrors. Taken together with Mrs. Kennell's earlier article, A Kuzbas Chronicle, in *The Nation* of January 3, we have a picture that cannot be forgotten or disbelieved. Doubtless it would not be admitted as evidence in the court that will try the Kuzbas supporters, but by every test but legal admissibility the story we print this week is a rare bit of testimony—the testimony not of the few who gave up, but of the many who have had the purpose and vision and sportsmanship to stay on.

SO "Big Jim" Larkin has been deported to Ireland as an "undesirable," only a few months after Governor Smith's courageous pardon. Deportation is always a petty process; it somehow seems doubly petty in the case of such an epic figure as gaunt, gray-haired, long-limbed James Larkin. It was Larkin who built out of the Dublin dock workers Ireland's first great labor union, which was later the heart of the Easter Revolution; his energy built Liberty Hall, which became a symbol of more than labor's struggle for freedom. We seldom agree with Larkin. But there is a genuine bigness of soul behind his bigness of body. He is one of those rare beings—a born leader of men, with a sense of the pain of life. Lola Ridge understood the man:

One hundred million men and women go inevitably about their affairs,
In the somnolent way
Of men before a great drunkenness. . . .
They do not see you go by their windows, Jim Larkin,
With your eyes bloody as the sunset
And your shadow gaunt upon the sky. . . .
You, and the like of you, that life
Is crushing for their frantic wines.

CURIOUSLY, we are led from reflections upon the Irish revolutionary Larkin to thinking of the descendants of the American revolutionaries who fought the British several decades earlier. If the shade of Thomas Jefferson had been in Washington in April, 1923, he might have strayed in at the D. A. R. Convention and heard President Harding declare that

Somehow there were laid broad principles and there was given a beginning upon which we Americans have builded not for ourselves alone but we have furnished an asylum of hope to the oppressed peoples of the world and given them the opportunity to drink in the inspiration of American freedom. . . .

If the shade of Jefferson had heard that we suspect that he would have lapsed into twentieth-century American and inquired "Whaddeyemean—'not for ourselves alone'? Don't you put up the bars against immigrants? Haven't you a law just to keep the 'oppressed peoples of the world' out? Don't you deport the revolutionaries who try to free their lands as my generation freed ours?" Whereupon the firemen and policemen who protected the passionate D. A. R.'s from each other would doubtless have thrown the shade of the third President out—they might even have started deportation proceedings and shipped him back to heaven.

WE take the following admirable suggestion from a Western daily:

SIR: I heard today that there remain nearly a score of officers above the rank of lieutenant colonel who have not yet been awarded the D. S. M. Suggest Congress authorize striking off of special medal to distinguish the distinguished undistinguished officers from the undistinguished distinguished. R. E. PAGE

When we found this we were on the point of offering a reward for an officer not yet decorated who occupied a swivel-chair in Washington during the war. We were also on the point of inquiring what had become of the War Department's sense of humor that its risibles have not been stirred by its own wholesale ladling out of honors to living and dead, and then we realized that, of course, no army officer has any sense of humor or he would laugh himself out of his profession. Every day sees a fresh distribution of medals—four years and a half after the close of hostilities. A recent issue of the *Army and Navy Journal* listed thirty-eight for one week; we begin to believe we must be reading not about American medals but the buttons of the Legion of Honor. The final touch is the award of the Distinguished Service Medal to ten members of the War Industries Board! What value can this decoration now have for the men who got it under fire? And we used to laugh at the Kaiser for his wholesale distribution of iron crosses.

THE Department of Archives and History of the State of Mississippi announces the coming publication in ten volumes of the letters, papers, and speeches of Jefferson Davis, under the editorship of Dr. Dunbar Rowland, the Mississippi State historian. This is one of the most useful undertakings by a State historical department of which we have any record, and the material, if it is not "edited" but is allowed to speak for itself, should be of utmost value to every student of the Civil War period. We have had far too little detached judicial study of this extraordinary man's extraordinary career. In the North the tendency is still to regard him merely as a rebel and a traitor; in the South, in accord with the demand for the rewriting of the history of 1861-65 in sympathy with Confederate beliefs, we have had new studies of Davis which lean toward the hero-worship of the early days of the Rebellion. History writing has only a slim chance now in the United States; every section and every group demands the rewriting of our history in harmony with what it thinks ought to be said. All the more reason why the publication of source material like this should be encouraged, so that if there are to be any scientific historians hereafter the bases of independent judgments, free from Catholic, or Protestant, or K.K.K., or anti-German, or pro-German, or Confederate, or Federal bias, may be available. As to the Jefferson Davis announcement, our only regret is that there are to be but 1,000 sets printed, after which the type is to be distributed. Plates should certainly be made; if the work is worth doing at all it should be available for years to come.

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Censorship

BEHIND the efforts to tighten the laws affecting the publication and sale of "unclean" and otherwise dangerous books are two motives, more or less blurred. One is the honest impulse to protect society, especially the young and the weak, from sinful ideas. The other is a perversion or exaggeration of the tendency, which we all have in some degree, to impose our ideas on the other fellow. The problem is to preserve freedom of thought, the right to express daring, original, even subversive beliefs, and at the same time to prevent the circulation of words and pictures that are merely nasty and are intended to appeal to the basest instincts.

Of the various proposed measures which have recently been vexing legislatures, authors, publishers, college professors, not one seems to us to be likely to promote sound morals or sound literature. And some are positively dangerous. There are already, and there ought to be, broad flexible laws under which the vendors of deliberately lascivious, lecherous, debauching stuff can be prosecuted and their dirty trade discouraged. Each case should be judged on its merits as a whole, by magistrate or jury, according to the general principle which Mr. Justice John Ford is accustomed to lay down in his court, "a reasonable preponderance of the credible testimony." The so-called Clean-Books Bill which he has been sponsoring before the New York Assembly is not reasonable; if it passes it will be a pernicious law. It violates fundamental common sense, because it provides that any publication under question may be judged not for its dominant purpose but for any single objectionable phrase it may contain. There is even the possible danger that admitted classics, ancient and modern, may be proscribed and the publishers punished. If the protagonists of the law were as logical as they are earnest they would certainly have to begin by suppressing the Bible because parts of it are not nice reading for children.

Mr. Justice Ford has already proved himself unfit to sit in a case in which a book or a publisher may be on trial. And even more liberal judges, under a cramping law, too narrow in its definitions, might be constrained to an unfair interpretation. This is ultimately and practically a legal question, to be solved, after the legislatures have made the law, in court. And judges of law cannot be trusted as judges of literature. Who can be trusted? Perhaps not even professional men of letters. Professor Bliss Perry, of Harvard, recently delivered before the Watch and Ward Society of Boston some strangely stupid opinions, mixed with much that was sensible and humorous. "No one," he said, "whose professional work brings him into contact with the book-making, book-selling, and book-reading classes of the community can possibly be ignorant of the very general conviction that the American public is now facing a clear and present danger through unclean books." Well, we are at least as closely in touch with those classes as is Professor Perry, and we have seen no sign of any such general conviction; indeed it is the literary classes who do not feel the danger and who resent interference; it is the non-literary who are riding the moral high horse. Professor Perry's remarks on George Moore as "a satyr in his seventieth year," and on Walt Whitman, whom he has never understood, are inept.

He is perfectly sound—and here is the real point—when he says that there are "dirty corners" in the minds of the greatest poets and thinkers. But the dashes of poison in minds that are overwhelmingly healthy and inspiring do no harm; the system takes care of them, not only the system of the sophisticated adult, but the naturally sane eliminating processes of the adolescent. People who are so afraid of the damaging effect of smutty fiction take a low view of human nature and seem to forget that they, like the rest of us, heard in youth more vile things than have ever got into print, and live through it all without very seriously blemished souls. The real danger is not from filth but from ill-advised meddling with filth, which calls attention to it and serves only to disseminate it.

The epidemic of censorship which seems to have broken out in all parts of the country is not confined to attacks on impure literature. It is aimed at ideas which are not immoral, except in an over-stretched sense of the word, ideas which certainly have nothing to do with sex or personal cleanliness. Among the most absurd of these attacks are the attempts to revise history, according to some nationalistic or economic bias, to supplant one alleged prejudice with another. The New York Assembly has been wrestling not only with the Ford Clean-Books Bill, but with a preposterous Patriotic Text-Books Bill, the purpose of which is to defend the Declaration of Independence and twist the tail of the British lion by insisting that school teachers dwell upon the British injustices that led to the American Revolution. In Sacramento a patriotic society is trying to amend the early history of America in such a way as to prove that the initiative, referendum, recall, and direct primary are un-American. *The Nation* has already noted that San José, California, has banned from its libraries histories that seemed to some of its citizens too favorable to England, and Los Angeles bars *The Nation* and the *New Republic* from its schools. And the radicals are just as bad as the conservatives—Wisconsin, State of light and learning, bars from its school-rooms histories which "defame the nation's founders or contain propaganda favorable to any foreign government" (that is, of course, Great Britain). The comedy of this is that it reverses the movement that set in during the war when all history was to be made as favorable as possible to our great English-speaking ally, and the only nation which had no bright pages in its chronicle was Germany.

The difficulties of some college trustees with sinners like Darwin and Huxley, Spencer, Karl Marx, H. G. Wells, Hendrik van Loon, and James Harvey Robinson recur in the news columns almost every day. It is almost too silly to argue about. Perhaps the best comment is that which Mark Twain puts into the mouth of Pudd'nhead Wilson: "The very ink with which history is written is fluid prejudice." Every historian knows that all the great classic historians are warped and biased, and that the thing for him to do is to show his students what the biases and misinterpretations are—and then substitute his biases! It is only by the mutual correction of opposed authorities that we shall ever get a fair notion of what happened to the human race and of what is happening. And no censorship can ever save us from the intellectual and ethical errors of others or from our own.

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The Ways of God to Man

ONE often hears people object to what they call novels and plays with a purpose; fine works have been condemned for being "mere propaganda"; even distinguished critics join in this thoughtless game. What all these objectors really mean is one of two things: they either do not like the particular brand of propaganda offered them or else they do not like the technical method of its presentation. Propaganda for the known, the accepted, the conventional is not called propaganda. Propaganda for the ordinary pseudo-romantic view of life is called by politer names. When the hundred-per-cent hero wipes the dust with the exotic heretic and the people in the audience applaud in a feeling of self-identification with the hero, they do not know that they are acclaiming propaganda for the things which, according to them, ought to be disseminated and spread abroad.

Such, as every schoolboy ought to know, is the harmless meaning of that sinister word—things that ought to be made known. Since everyone thinks that there are such things, it follows that all speech, all writing, all art is propaganda. There can be no difference of opinion here. The amusing race of mortals, however, is so made that each calls his own kind of propaganda by a more arrogant and astonishing name, the name of truth. It comes, then, to a question of personality and its tastes in philosophy, morals, politics. "Hic spinas colligit," said the Roman wit, "ille rosas." But since the gatherer of thorns is convinced that they are roses, he cannot be blamed for thinking himself a spreader of truth and him who gathers the flowers a vicious propagandist.

But there is another, perhaps narrower and yet deeper sense in which all great and grave literature is indeed passionate propaganda. Such literature always involves a view of the world, of God, of men's relations to the world and to each other and to God, which is at the very core of the being who is poet. Not only the bibles of the world, the whole of the Attic drama, the whole of medieval literature have as their central and controlling motive to justify the ways of God to man. In Shakespeare the theological and metaphysical background is blurred, and propaganda for a moral order, for moral harmony, takes its place; with Molière and Swift we enter the realm of protest and inquiry, of propaganda for reason and freedom, which finds its culmination in Goethe. There is no work of serious literature which does not at its center proceed from a spiritual passion that desires to conquer the world for its objects. The impersonal Flaubert castigated the false romanticism of his characters in the service of clearness and cleanliness; all satire is propaganda for neglected truth, all irony for men's folly in not embracing it. The lyrical cry of Shelley is a cry over the discrepancy between the world of reality and the nobler world of his vision; one poet denies God in order to help man, another cultivates pure beauty as an escape from the inextricable confusion of things, still another as a means toward salvation in itself. But all literature, all art is in its final and ultimate depth an answer to the question: What shall we do to be saved?

The distinction to be made is a distinction of technique. In imperfect works the inevitable propaganda for some truth, some view of life, some road to salvation—whether the propaganda be positive or negative—is not a part of the creative act. It is not organic; it has been fastened on. It is then that we get mere preachment and pamphleteering, whether in the study or on the stage; it is then that the reproach of "mere propaganda" can properly be raised. It cannot be raised because a work of art is rooted in metaphysics. All works of art are. Nor can it be raised because the metaphysics of a particular work of art do not harmonize with our own. All poems, novels, plays are inherently philosophies, cosmogonies, moral universes. All have a purpose. The distinction is not between art that is purposeful or purposeless but between good art and bad.

"Bricklayers, $12 a Day"

THIS sign decorates an apartment house under construction in New York. Many a man and woman stops to gape and gasp. Seventy-two dollars a week! *Three thousand seven hundred and forty-four dollars a year!* Who ever heard of such a thing? What school teacher, how many professors can earn as much? Tenants in nearby apartments, who pay from $5,000 to $25,000 a year in rent, are particularly perturbed. To them it seems that a dictatorship of the proletariat has come in dead earnest. They ask scornfully whether these bricklayers come to work in a Rolls-Royce. To them the era of silk-stockinged working-girls and silk-shirted laborers is again at hand. It is another sign that bolshevism is in the air. The cities are cabined and confined by lack of new homes, and these bricklayers propose to monopolize the markets! They keep out foreign bricklayers, they limit severely their unions, and they propose to make everybody else pay by the nose. What selfishness, what avarice!

Well, it is hard, we suppose, that these bricklayers should be without the altruistic unselfishness of the Standard Oil, the coal barons, the sugar profiteers, the land speculators, and the woolen-mill owners who pay 30 per cent in dividends and give such generous wages to their employees that strikes are not known—oftener than every year or two. Yet, rebels to the social order as we are, we confess to a sense of guilty pleasure as we read that sign. Degenerate and faithless to our economic upbringing we doubtless are; but somehow or other when we think for how many weeks in winter the bricklayer earns nothing at all, how in long years of depression he is glad of work in alternate weeks, how great his risk of injury, our indignation at that $12 oozes out of our fingertips.

Somehow we have a sneaking wish that we could have peeked in the time that Patrick Higgins turned over to Mary the first $12 he ever earned in eight hours. We'll bet he felt like a Rockefeller that day, and that he and Mary sat on the edge of the bed not to dream of a Ford, but to rejoice how much easier it will be to buy next winter's coal at $20 a ton (when you buy it by the basket) and to plan a new suit for Johnny and dresses for the little girls and some trips to Coney Island and one to Pat's brother's farm up in Connecticut, because the children ain't never yet seen a blade of grass outside of Central Park. Sure they celebrated at the movies; perhaps they even got a bit of a bottle from their friend the bootlegger in the flat above, who makes $12 an hour for every hour he works. We know, for that's the way of Pats, that Pat slipped an unlucky two-dollar bill into the hand of Michael O'Donahue's wife—her man got mashed on the elevator, and her compensation don't go very far in

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keeping eight children. "You're a good sport," says she, "and you see, Pat, we couldn't save very much in the long years when wages were but $2 a day—you know how hard them days were!" Yes, Pat and Mary even dreamed for a day or two they might send Willie to high school; his teachers say he's that bright. And then the butcher's and the grocer's bill arrived, and down to earth they came. How can a man feed seven mouths and give 'em what you want to give 'em on $12 a day in these times?

Silk shirts and silk stockings? We love to see them on those that never wore them before. Whoever set up a monopoly in silk hose? Who was it said that it was a crime once in a lifetime to have a bit of beauty about you? And who was it that laid down the law that the good things of life are fenced in for a privileged few and that bricklayers shall never know the thrill of $12 a day?

The Shipping Board Flounders

THE United States Shipping Board continues to flounder and splash in the sea of financial losses and maritime problems where floats our government-owned merchant fleet. Every now and then, having swallowed an unusually large mouthful of salt water, the board comes up sputtering, to the amusement or discomfiture of its neighbors. Whether the board's latest announcement has caused amusement or discomfiture among shipping men has depended on how seriously they have taken it. Mr. Lasker has admitted himself to be more of a publicity man than a sailor, and the board's recent declarations may never develop into fact; but if carried out the new policy will be one of retaliation upon private owners for their failure to buy the government's ships at artificial prices, and of sabotage against Congress and the public for refusal to pass the ship-subsidy bill.

One of the chief troubles of the Shipping Board under Mr. Lasker is that, instead of regarding itself as an administrative body to carry out the wishes of Congress, it has set itself up as a propaganda agency to decide the nation's shipping policy for it. Having failed to get what it wanted, the board seems determined to make the country smart for it by inaugurating a plan that will occasion even greater losses than the fifty million dollars a year that the government merchant fleet is now costing. Briefly, the board again offers all of its ships for sale, with the proviso that if they are not purchased at its prices, it will discard the existing method of managing agents and embark upon direct government operation.

Nobody expects the sale of the ships. The price at which they are held and the intention to sell all or none make the offer virtually unacceptable, besides which the insistence that the present routes be maintained deprives the purchaser of one of the great advantages of a steamship—the opportunity to send it where trade offers. On the other hand, there could hardly be a worse time to begin direct government operation, even if that policy were regarded by the country as a wise one. In the present condition of commerce there could be no hope of profit, and there is every reason to believe that, with the elimination of the experienced personnel now in charge, the government's losses would grow heavier than ever. The whole scheme looks like nothing in the world but a threat to compete against private shipping, and if possible ruin it, because of its failure to buy the government's ships at fictitious prices. And, of course, the expense of this punitive and coercive measure will fall upon the public.

But impossible and unjustifiable as the Shipping Board's proposal seemed at first glance, it received one unexpected and notable response. The Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association promptly offered $100,000 apiece in cash for the Hanley, the Hannawa, and the Pomona, to be operated by the union. We regard this as the most interesting and hopeful development in the whole campaign to build an American merchant marine on a practical basis, and we think that the offer should have been accepted with enthusiasm. Instead it was immediately declined—on the ground that the sum was about one-third of the $30 a deadweight ton fixed by the Shipping Board. The reason is not good enough. In the first place, the rate of $30 a ton is wholly arbitrary. Private ship-owners say it is much too high in the present condition of ocean commerce. Anyhow, the fact is that the Shipping Board's vessels are operating at a loss; they represent the plant of a business that is a financial failure. From the business standpoint, therefore, their only absolute worth is what they would bring as junk. Any other value is speculative.

Then, too, an offer by a group of working seamen ought to be regarded as different from one made by a commercial body. As the engineers said in their letter to Mr. Lasker, it would give them a chance to disprove the familiar assertion of private owners that American ships cannot compete with those under other flags because of higher wages. This would be about the most interesting experiment which the Shipping Board could foster; if the engineers were successful it would lay the basis for the only kind of national merchant marine that is worth while—one that is manned by American sailors. It is sailors that make a national merchant marine—not mere hulls. The recent ship-subsidy bill ignored this, in that it held out no promise whatever toward keeping American sailors at sea. Even if the offer of the engineers could be demonstrated to be too low, a sale to them would be only an insignificant contribution toward a most useful and hopeful experiment. Putting it arithmetically, the difference between the Shipping Board's asking price on the three ships in question and the offer of the engineers is only $600,000. The board is losing this much on its fleet about every four days, with no prospect of reducing that loss more hopeful than the proposal of the engineers. It would seem like good business, therefore, to say the least, to cancel a paper valuation equal to four days' operating losses in order to experiment with a new way of making the fleet self-supporting.

Not only is the Shipping Board losing money on the ships which it is operating, but about 1,000 of its vessels, or three-fourths of the total, are idle, swinging at anchor or in dock. Possibly it may be argued that as the government is losing money on the ships which it is operating, it would be a stroke of economy to lay up the entire fleet. Unfortunately a steamship rusts out faster than it wears out. The operation of the better vessels is the only way to preserve their capital value and keep them in saleable condition. But the great proportion of idle and deteriorating tonnage makes it ridiculous for the Shipping Board to refuse any offer of purchase that carries a chance of helping in the rehabilitation of an American merchant marine.

We hope that the Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association will renew its offer again and again—until there is a Shipping Board with sufficient understanding to accept it.

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Kuzbas: A New Pennsylvania

By RUTH EPPERSON KENNELL

Kemerovo, Siberia, February 12

THE northern group of mines in Kuznetz Basin has passed from the trying period of dual management into the hands of the Americans. The amalgamation of the Russian and American administrations was consummated on February 1. About fifteen American technicians and clerks were moved from their modest quarters in two rooms, and scattered through a three-story office building, among innumerable Russian office workers. We have spent a large part of our time since looking for one another, helpless to make ourselves understood after the months of isolation and dependence upon interpreters.

Hurt as the Russian technicians feel at the obvious implication that Americans can better run the industry, a cursory glance at the administrative offices convinces one that the implication is justifiable. In the accounting department alone the American controller expects to cut the staff from fifty to ten people. In the mines, forty-nine Russian technicians, clerks, and foremen watch and tabulate the labor of 150 miners. In the Vladimirsky shaft, which has been worked by the Americans since October 15, with the output increased 300 per cent, one foreman, two shift bosses (who do part-time productive work), and one clerk handle seventy-five American miners. In one hospital there are fifteen beds and a staff of twenty-seven; in the other, thirty-five beds and a staff of forty-two.

S. J. Rutgers, now chief director of the Kuzbas enterprise, is convinced that, before machinery, Kuzbas needs American workers. The unwieldy Russian system must be discontinued and American methods installed. An Austro-Russian, Grindler, is chief operating engineer, and Alfred Pearson, upon whom will depend largely the task of Americanizing the industry, is technical director. There remain from the old regime a score of Russians occupying positions of dignity and power. In the *glavnia kontora* (chief office) one sees the remnants of Czarist bureaucracy: the hated *spetz* (specialist) with his coachman and sleigh and private "cabinet"; the polite secretaries and clerks; the horde of office boys and girls, at second category, who run errands or sit idly about in the hot, stuffy rooms; the humble women who tend the fires and every evening, barefooted, scrub the rough floors until they shine. The American office workers are "on the job" from eight to four (with Russian class from four to five); the Russian department heads arrive in their sleighs some time after ten, have tea at their desks at noon, and leave at three. A conference between the Russian and American technicians at the Dom Priezich on a Sunday afternoon might rival the Peace Conference in pomposity. The Russians alight from their sleighs and remove their huge fur *shubas* in the hallway, and all afternoon the coachmen lie about the halls, patiently waiting. I open my door on a big fellow lying on the floor asleep, his dirty fur hat pulled over his eyes, his old sheepskin *shuba* falling apart to show the naked body beneath. The old, oppressive caste system existed too long in Russia to disappear overnight.

"Moscow looks upon Kuzbas as a Soviet state enterprise run on American lines, and *unfortunately* needing Americans." Thus Rutgers humorously summed up the whole Kuzbas project at a meeting of the technical staff, called the evening after his return, on January 16. Rutgers had a hard fight to carry his program through, but his commanding personality, coupled with a keen mind, must have had much to do with the victory. The bourgeois concessionaries were there to work against him; the Russian technicians were there to prove that Russia does not need coal —so why grant credits to the Americans to develop the Siberian mines? He had not only to prove that Russia does need coal, but, furthermore, that Americans can produce more than Russians. The outcome was that two million gold rubles were appropriated by S. T. O. (Soviet of Labor and Defense) for the initial work.

The new agreement, signed by S. T. O. and by Rutgers, is similar in most respects to the original agreement entered into with Rutgers, Haywood, and Calvert, being, one might say, an "elucidation" of the old agreement. Certain fundamental changes were made to conform to the new economic policy. As the Americans are to work side by side with the Russians, who are divided into seventeen categories, it becomes necessary that the Americans have the same differential wage system. A clause in the new agreement, of special interest to the Industrial Workers of the World in the colony, specifies that all members of Kuzbas must belong to the Russian trade unions, *profsoius* (professional unions). Another clause practically takes the "autonomous" out of "the Autonomous Industrial Colony Kuzbas" by specifying that the management board, responsible only to S. T. O., is absolute dictator and the colonists have no voice in the administration of Kuzbas affairs. They may offer suggestions, but any grievances must be presented to the management through the *profsoius*, which in turn are under the control of the Communist Party.

Rutgers told a committee of I. W. W.'s, who presented their organization's objections to the new agreement, particularly the wage system, that communistic colonies have failed over and over again "because they were not in harmony with the economic order about them." In his opinion no one should come to Kuzbas unless he believes implicitly in the Soviet Government, or, at any rate, is willing to submit himself to the dictatorship of the Communist Party.

A hopeful aspect of the new program is the continuation of the communal service now enjoyed equally by all colonists. Although the workers will be divided into seventeen categories, according to industrial qualifications, the differential wages will manifest themselves only in a trifling money payment in addition to an equal standard of living for all Americans. Thus the rudiments of communistic life will be preserved in the dining-rooms and dwellings, and in social services such as laundry, tailor shop, hospital, and bath-houses. On the other hand, the arrangement does grant a higher remuneration for American than Russian labor. But the Soviet Government has recognized from the first that Americans need a higher standard of living than the native population in order to work at the greatest efficiency. The communal service, moreover, being the most efficient and economical means of production and distribution, can give the Americans more than the Russians. For

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example, the Russian worker must provide himself from his wages with a cow, pigs, geese, chickens, and a vegetable garden, while the American workers will be supplied with food from the colony farm of several thousand dessiatins, employing trained agriculturists and equipped with modern machinery. It is hoped that the example set by the American community life will gradually induce the native population to socialize production.

With Rutgers came some of the American representatives for Kuzbas. The colonists, having learned by bitter experience that all was not as anticipated, greeted a little grimly the genial arrivals from America. Distinguished guests are entertained at the Dom Priezich (Guest House) on "Parasite Hill," where the wife of the American chief engineer runs a dining-room for the technicians who live there; but during their brief visit in Kemerovo Reese and Cosgrove descended to the main colony dining-room for the noonday meal. We were sitting at the bare tables in the two rooms with their whitewashed log walls and latticed windows, where the frost stood an inch thick on the small panes. There were beans for dinner, rice pudding, black bread, and tea—an almost daily menu. As the burly newcomers strode through the door, letting a cloud of steam out into the cold entry, a ripple of laughter spread through the rooms.

"Give the boys plenty of beans!" we all shouted to the the women serving behind the "cafeteria" counter. "They sent 'em over—tons of them."

Their defense of the visionary reports was somewhat warranted. "When I stepped off the train and looked across the river at these white cliffs, and the woods, and the sunshine sparkling on the snow, I think if I had tried to describe Kemerovo then, I should have let my enthusiasm run away with me," said one of them.

A group of persons who had been awaiting the return of Rutgers to obtain their release from the colony left on February 3. The disaffection spread until the final number reached thirty-seven, including five women and seven children. A few of these were suffering from chronic diseases, but the majority left disillusioned about the colony. All received transportation to the border with food *pyok* for one month. The sick were given sufficient funds to insure their safe return to America. Rutgers feels that the organization is not under obligation to do more for those who are breaking their two-year contract. The group included many good workers, a number of them "Wobblies."

At present we are enjoying a "January thaw." A soft, south wind caresses our cheeks, so long nipped by the still, cold air. It blew the snow from the roofs and pine trees and rustled in the silver birches, where the large black and white magpies sit. We linger on the cliff overlooking the river and dream of spring, watching an endless procession of sleds crossing the worn path over the ice. The Russian sled is a crude contrivance made of birch boughs; many of the family equipages have baskets, upholstered with hay, tied to the runners. So carelessly are they fastened that they are constantly slipping off; the sleds turn over easily —so the usual accompaniment of a sleigh ride is a tumble in the snow. The cows wander up to the *glavnia kontora* and eat the upholstery from the *spetzi's* sleds drawn up at the entrance. The horses stand patiently waiting, their bodies white with frost, and icicles hanging from their nostrils, giving them an appearance of hoary old age.

Social life is at low ebb in the colony. Now and then there is a colony dance. On the whole, the colony depends upon native Russian affairs for recreation. I went across the river to the theater at the town of Tcheglovsk. Arriving at the flat village, we approached a log building and entered the dimly lighted lobby, so closely packed with humanity that the foul air struck us as we entered. We stood in line a suffocatingly long time to purchase our tickets at the little window, but time is never any consideration in Siberia, and it is a long task counting Russian paper money. Our tickets cost the rather exorbitant price of six million rubles (about fifteen cents).

We found that our four tickets gave us space for three. We were jammed in with several natives, who as usual did not remove their ill-smelling sheepskin *shubas*, fur hats and shawls, throughout the performance. A little bell tinkled three warning signals before the curtain finally parted. A militia man with sword at his belt went through the crowd examining tickets, and, with many a polite *Pojhaluista, tovarish* (Please, comrade), evicted several persons from their seats..

What was our dismay to discover soon after the curtain parted that this was the same play we had seen played much better on two previous occasions at the other theaters. It is a stock plot in Russia now, apparently: the eternal triangle—the husband a Soviet commissar, the wife an indolent bourgeois, the lover a counter-revolutionary spy. The wife gives some plans of the Red Army to her lover; the husband is arrested because of their disappearance, and she repents and confesses; her lover shoots her, and she dies in the last act, a penitent Communist. The curtain went down. We thought it was all over, but it had been lowered too soon, and rose again to permit the heroine to finish dying, while the Internationale was sung off stage. After the interminable four acts, dancing followed. The Russian dancing is picturesque; the girls danced with amazing grace in their huge, clumsy peemies (felt boots). The president of the Bank of Tcheglovsk looked quite important and well dressed.

Out in the fresh, sparkling air again, we breathed deeply. The long walk home was the best part of the evening. We took a short cut to the Dom Priezich on the cliff, and found difficulty in making a path across the snow-covered ice on the river. The pine and birch wood was indescribably lovely in the moonlight. The birch trees glistened in their sheaths of ice; the pine branches bent under the weight of the fluffy snow. Here we felt quite cut off from the world.

The first period of the revolution, the period of excitement, romance, and adventure, is passed in Kemerovo as elsewhere in Russia. We have now settled down to the drudgery of reconstruction. The management of Kuzbas does not wish to bring over class-conscious workers as such. Kuzbas wants trained workers, qualified for particular jobs. It is no place for political theorists to work out their dreams or for individualists to express themselves. The reconstruction problem in Russia is a machine problem. Russia needs American machinery with human machines to operate it. Those who stay and those who come over must expect to accept this program, as they must accept the dictatorship of the Communist Party, without question. It is only upon such a substantial foundation of practical reality that Russia can hope to erect the new social order. We are building here, not a new Atlantis, but a new Pennsylvania.

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Is Yiddish Literature Dying?

By LEWIS BROWNE

A PECULIARITY characteristic of Yiddish literature is that though indigenous to Poland and Russia, it has thrived best in New York City. Perhaps the larger part of its climb to the world eminence it is attaining in our day was accomplished among us here in America, and not in its birthplace in the Pale. Indeed, had it not been for America and the host of young Jewish writers she has supported and encouraged, Yiddish literature might even now still be a contribution of relatively slight significance.

Yiddish as a language has its origins in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when the Jews migrating from Germany to Poland took with them their Middle High German speech. Settling in a land culturally less advanced than Germany, they naturally clung to that speech, and to this day it remains the basis of the *mamme-loshen*, the mother-tongue, of East-European Jewry. With time, of course, it has developed fundamentally. The daily observance of an elaborate ritual has perpetuated a rich element of Hebrew, and contact with Polish and Russian life has brought in a Slavic element also. Indeed, being almost to our own day merely a patois, its elasticity has been limitless, so that now the loose ends of the threads of its fabric reach from every corner of the earth. For example, in America the Yiddish word for goose is still the German *gans*, for duck it is still the Slavic *katchka*, but for chicken it is rapidly becoming the near-English *tzicken!* Indisputably that very elasticity, that penchant for taking color from every tongue with which it chances to come in contact, would have gone far toward annihilating Yiddish in our day had it not been for the sudden naissance of a literature. That naissance occurred less than sixty years ago, and it may yet remain a unique event in the history of letters. Within little more than two generations a brawling, loose-jointed, cacophonous jargon, a gibberish shady in pedigree and flabby in syntax, ignored by the world and despised by its own users, in some manner has developed a literature which with its beauty, vigor, and truth to life has assumed arresting significance.

America's contribution to that development began full forty years ago. When, after the Russian persecutions in 1881, East-European Jewry began its flight westward, the odds against the survival of the new-born literature were appallingly long. In Russia the soil was fertile enough, but because of the poverty of the Jews and the autocracy of the government no one was able freely to till it. The people lived in wretched penury, and wealthy patrons of letters were not to be found among them. A wide plebeian patronage, on the other hand, was prohibited by the Czar. The publication of Yiddish dailies was forbidden, and magazines could circulate only narrowly; the wages of authorship were exceedingly modest, the dignity of letters was not high.

And in the West at this time conditions appeared even worse, for there, where the land was free, the soil was barren. Migration was putting an end to the religious stirrings which had given impulse to Yiddish literature in Russia, and as a result Yiddish seemed about to lose all zest. Significantly enough, not until an unrest manifested itself also in the new lands, did it become possible for Yiddish to thrive there. Not until the eighties of the last century, when the economic disaffection spreading over the world began to grow also among the Jews on the lower East Side of New York, did Yiddish letters begin once more to flourish. And then they began to flourish as had never before been possible. For the first time in their history they were neither crushed from without nor cramped from within. A powerful press and a loyal reading public were brought into existence, and with them arose a poetry and prose of unprecedented vigor. Yiddish drama, unfortunately, lagged far behind at first. Unimaginative, uninspired, moneyed producers restrained and repressed it, and not until the last few years, with its assumption of an insurgent note, has it loomed into significance.

The reasons are evident why the conservative forces have had only a minor share in America's contribution to Yiddish literature. From the beginning they lacked zeal and loyalty. The conservatives were largely of three strata: Old World pietists who, although they spoke in Yiddish, thought and read in Hebrew; New World "alrightniks," climbing cloak-and-suit makers, who, although they thought in Yiddish, tried to speak and read in English; and no-world plodders, patient treadlers and pressers who, although they knew no language other than Yiddish, read not even in that. A Yiddish press among such folk was of course little able to flourish, and those old-school writers who were swept over with the first tides of the exodus soon found themselves distressingly superfluous in this country. They either let themselves be dragged back to Russia with the undertow of misfits, or else remained as job printers or pants makers.

The less docile and contented of the immigrants, however, were differently situated. The love of Hebrew they had sloughed off with their religious emancipation, and the growth of a love of English was retarded by the wretchedness of their lives. Yet with them to think and read and speak was imperative, for they were conscious of a great evil. The filth of the tenement and the serfdom in the sweat-shop envenomed their souls and wrung from them a bitter cry of protest. And of necessity that cry had to be voiced in Yiddish. Consequently there rapidly arose on New York's East Side an insurgent Yiddish press, and largely to that press we owe the present ascendancy of Yiddish literature. Not merely did it encourage earnest writers like Morris Rosenfeld already in America; it opened its columns welcomingly to those still in the Pale. Perets, possibly the greatest figure in the literature thus far, was discovered for Russia by the *Zukunft* and *Arbeiter Zeitung* of New York; Pinski, Asch, Reisen, Hirschbein, long before they emigrated from Russia, were known in America through its Yiddish press. As a language Yiddish may still find its center in Warsaw; but as a literature its center has long been on Rutgers Square.

In New York alone there are being published today five Yiddish dailies, as many or more weeklies, three or four monthly magazines, and an occasional quarterly. It is significant that the dailies are not mere newspapers, but periodicals often of high literary quality, and they have always

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formed the most effective organ—as now they form almost the only one—for the Yiddish authors. In politics and religion these dailies run the gamut from bitterest orthodoxy to most pugnacious radicalism, but in desire for literary style and finish they are all almost at one. A score or more of Yiddish theaters are scattered throughout the larger cities of the land, and one of them, the Jewish Art Theater in New York City, was hailed a few seasons ago as the only bright light in America's theatrical firmament.

In their technique and tendencies all these authors differ widely: a few, like Reisen and Kobrin, are realists; others, like Asch, Pinski, Opatashu, and Chaimowitz, are neo-romanticists; Jonah Rosenfeld leads a group of psychological fiction writers; Levin and Libin have attained rare felicity with the narrative sketch. There are poets by the score, some already known to the English reading public, as for instance Morris Rosenfeld, and others like Mane Leib, H. Levick, M. L. Halperin, and Zisho Landau, still to be translated. There is an interesting "introspectivistic" school of poets, and among its adherents are men of indubitable talent, like Steinberg, Gladstein, Stodolski, and Glanz. The school, however, is still in its swaddling clothes, and, being fed on a diet of Freud and Oppenheim, it may soon choke, or die of indigestion. The other schools, however, possess convincing vigor, and the pity of it is that more of their products have not been made accessible to the world through translation. There is a universal note in much of their work, a note struck so truly in the heart of the Jew that it finds its echo in the heart of the world. Asch's "America," "Uncle Moses," and "Mottke the Vagabond," Pinski's "Temptations," and Kobrin's "Lithuanian Village"—to mention only certain of the classics already translated from Yiddish into English—belong with those precious writings that reveal through men the soul of man and discover in a hamlet the spirit of the wide earth.

Pathos, of course, predominates among the tones in Yiddish literature. Even the humor, of which there is considerable, is impregnated with deep-running sorrow. That, however, is not surprising. It would be monstrous for a people conceived in misery and reared in squalor, a mass beaten and flaunted and crushed, to be able to sing without sighing or laugh without tears. It would be altogether unearthly if a folk freezing or sweltering in Essex Street could look out on Park Avenue and still be light-hearted and blithe. Throughout the best of Yiddish poetry and prose there runs a strain of great and noble protest, a strain at times softened and hushed and subdued, but more often bold and imperative. No other literature in the world voices so poignantly man's loathing of the cruelty in the world. In the intenseness of that quality Yiddish literature is unique. Everything—a far past of silver, a near past blood red, a present deep black, and a future sun-golden; a passion and a world-weariness nurtured in the Orient, and a weakness for tinsel learned in the West; a childhood spent in dredging tales from the Talmud, and an apprenticeship served in translating Turgenev and Zola—everything seems to have conspired to give to Yiddish that uniqueness.

All of which makes the imminent death of Yiddish literature in America the more appalling, and the heroic efforts of its workers the more pathetic. For to the dispassionate historian that death appears indeed imminent, and his only wonder is that men still persist in creating in the language. Of late I have been talking with many of those Yiddish writers concerning the future of their medium, and curiously, I find but few of them gravely troubled. Those writers who do realize the jeopardy in which their language stands, already are scuttling off to English or, in some instances, to modern Hebrew. But the majority are quite oblivious to the hazards of the future, and as Chaimowitz and Opatashu phrased it one day, "neither weigh nor reckon, but sit down and write." In the Neighborhood Café one afternoon, a young Yiddish poet told me over his seventh glass of tea:

> *Ach*, all I hear from people is *future, future, future!* My brother, who is already a boss, and lives in a steam-heated flat in the Bronx, calls me a fool and says I have no future. Why? Because only two days each week I work in the cigarette factory, and the rest of the time I write poetry. But I laugh and call *him* the fool. I know for certain that *today* it is good to write poetry. Can I, or even my great brother, know as much about tomorrow? And now you come and ask me if Yiddish has a future. Again I laugh. Why worry so about the future? Is not Yiddish here today? And rest assured, if such is its fate, it will still be read in America a thousand years hence.

History, of course, by no means belies the possibility of such a happy fate. Far back in 1898, Peter Wiernik was already assuring the world that Yiddish literature was doomed to almost immediate extinction in this country. Yet it is immensely more brilliant and healthy today than it was when that prophecy was uttered, and the prophet himself is now editor of a Yiddish daily with a circulation of over 80,000! At quite regular intervals despondent or gleeful critics arise to announce the tidings of death for the literature—and yet it continues to live. But death stalks near, nevertheless. Some say it is death to the literature throughout all the world, and point to the growing acceptance of modern Hebrew as the Jewish vernacular in Palestine and elsewhere. But whatever be its fate in other lands, in America there seems little hope for it indeed. There is an unmistakable flagging in the enthusiasm of Yiddish readers and writers. Except for reprints, hardly a volume of Yiddish fiction or belles-lettres has appeared in more than a year in this country. The anti-nationalist radical among the Jews has no greater interest in Yiddish than in any other language; the nationalist, on the other hand, is usually eager to cultivate modern Hebrew rather than the "jargon of the Exile"; and meanwhile restricted immigration is keeping out fresh adherents. To look forward to new blood from the generation now rising in America is altogether vain, for that generation has learned to call English its mother-tongue, not Yiddish.

But one thing should never be forgotten. Even though this alien literature die among us within a generation, its effects will be felt long after. The Yiddish theater is already exerting a benignant influence on the stage of America. Former Yiddish actors and actresses like Nazimova, Bertha Kalish, Jacob Ben Ami, and the older Schildkraut are bringing to American audiences a refreshing breath of earnest and sincere art. Abraham Cahan has enriched American fiction. Interesting young writers like Ben Hecht, Anzia Yezierska, Rose Cohen, Alter Brody, and Martin Feinstein heard Yiddish spoken when they were still in their cradles, and knew literature first in the guise of quaint old Yiddish ballads and fairy tales. So that even though the dazzling ascent of Yiddish literature in this country does turn out to be meteoric, the memory of that literature will not soon pass away.

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These United States—XXVIII*

ARKANSAS: A Native Proletariat

By C. L. EDSON

"THE one State in the Union that I still have a seething curiosity to visit," wrote H. L. Mencken recently, "is Arkansas." If the relentless hunter of the Americano should ever reach this last Carcassonne of his critical desire he would at last have one wish-fulfilment that was up to expectations. For Arkansas is our most distinguished State. It is the one member of our glorious Union that has accomplished all that it set out to, has lived up to its highest ideals, and stands today the only commonwealth of its kind on earth.

What then are the ideals of this State? The motto in Latin on her State seal says: "The People Rule." They do. But to what end? Arkansas has its own popular motto and it is this: "I've never seen nothin', I don't know nothin', I hain't got nothin', and I don't want nothin'." These fundamental aims the people of Arkansas have achieved in every particular. Therefore the Arkansawyers are happy, the only happy and successful people in America. But it was luck that did it. Happy is the State that has no history—and Arkansas has none. It was not founded by a pious Æneas, nor fought over by Hannibals and Scipios. It just grew up out of seepage. While the ports of Louisiana, Florida, Carolina, and New Amsterdam were being struggled for by Frenchman, Spaniard, Dutchman, and Britisher, old Arkansas, having no port and lying on the road to nowhere, was free to grow up without a history. The Mississippi River, highway of the old adventurers, lies broadside the whole length of the State but there is no landing place. Mississippi has Vicksburg, Louisiana has New Orleans, Tennessee has Memphis, and Missouri has St. Louis. But where is the old port of Arkansas; where its ancient capital of Creole days? A belt of mud, a hundred miles wide in places, prevented Arkansas from having a port as well as a metropolis, a civilization, and a history.

A people who were willing to foot it a hundred miles through the muck to get nowhere founded Arkansas and achieved their aim. Mighty planters, greedy merchants, daring pirates with beautiful hot-blooded women—these came not to Arkansas nor founded there an aristocracy of strength and cunning. But the kind of folk that pirates terrorize, and merchants cheat, and planters impress into peonage were the wandering sheep that grazed their way into Arkansas to establish there a morons' paradise. No strong men arose to oppress them because the pirate-merchant-planter breed was not in them. They could not raise up strong-arm Caesars among themselves because there were no Caesar chromosomes in their blood. They were an infiltrate, and in seeping into Arkansas through a mud filter the Caesars had been strained out.

The Arkansawyers are of the type of the old Hoosiers, Crackers, Pikers, and the Big Smoky mountaineers. The Hoosiers themselves were descendants of the bond-servants of Colonial days and being of low degree sought their own kind while the great migration going "out West" moved along the Ohio. They settled in the malaria swamps of Indiana and Illinois, but that was on the highway to empire and civilization drove them out. They colonized again in Pike County, Missouri, and made the name "Piker" notorious throughout the West as denoting a fellow of feeble wit and feebler initiative. Other migrations of the bond-servant stock found their way into Arkansas, and as no strong tribe followed them into this retreat they were never driven out again. "Crackers," descendants of the Georgia convict colony, also found refuge in Arkansas. The mountain people, too, came gradually onward, proliferating in their beloved highlands till they crossed the Mississippi and peopled the Ozarks. But these people are not mentally dull nor physically inefficient. They are simply a highland race that loves solitude and scorns comfort, literature, and luxury.

These three strains, the mountain people, the Crackers, and the Piker numskulls, have united to make the Arkansas nation; for they are a nation, as distinct from the other peoples in America as is a Swede from a Dane. Whenever Arkansawyers appear in Kansas, California, South Carolina, or Texas the natives hold up their hands in horror, fearing that their Spartan State will be erased by the obliterating helot swarm. The high wages in the agricultural Northwest during the World War drew a few Arkansawyers to Nebraska whither they took their dogs and women, their customs and ideals—and labored for the Swedish and Teutonic farmers. The sturdy Nebraskans (from North Europe) were shocked by the general worthlessness of the Arkansawyers and were heard to declare: "If they keep on letting that kind of people into this country, America has gone to hell." The Arkansawyers are a race compounded as we have seen of three strains of American roughneck blood with no trace of gentility, no Cavalier.

There is one great quality that is not an attribute of the superior classes, and that is wit. The Arkansawyers have it. It reaches its highest notch in such blithe fellows as Will Rogers and Tom P. Morgan. To be an immortal wit is no mean distinction. But wit is so common in Arkansas that it does not distinguish a man—not while he is in Arkansas. It is the tradition of the land. No nation so young as Arkansas has produced as great a mass of comic legend and genuine native humor. But its people are not a literate people and you seek in vain to find their glory on the printed page. Perhaps one can best approach this pathless subject by facing about and going back to Davy Crockett. Crockett was a Tennesseean by birth who roved through Arkansas and made his mark in Texas. He spent some years in Congress. Crockett was severely in the Arkansas tradition. He boasted that he was so rough that he could take a porcupine under one arm, a wild cat under the other, and climb a thorn tree without getting a scratch. He was a dead shot with the rifle and a rough-and-tumble virtuoso of the bowie-knife. He loved the wild, hard life of the pioneer woodsman, saw the fun and poetry in it, and was equally at ease when clowning from the stump before his backwoods "constituents" and when speaking at an Ambassador's dinner in Washington. London had discovered the American backwoods through the writings of James

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Fenimore Cooper, and the literary spotlight swung this way and provoked the inquisitive visits of Dickens and Thackeray. The stage was set for an American Leatherstocking, and Davy Crockett stepped out and "took his bows."

There spoke the spirit of Arkansas. "Wild and woolly and full of fleas, I've never been curried below the knees." Imagine a Massachusetts statesman or a Carolina gentleman making such a claim. But such coarse boasts are the glory of the Davy Crocketts. The smart Londoners were "charmed," as they are charmed by a woolly rhinoceros, and Davy Crockett was all the rage. He was genuine, he was American hickory with the bark on; and he was so witty that his every word was caught and saved and became a treasury of Americana, recalled for a generation and not wholly forgotten now. Typical was his best-remembered boast from the lecture platform that he was recognized as such a faultless marksman by all the denizens of the woods that a coon in the tallest tree seeing Crockett priming his rifle, would cry: "Don't shoot; I'll come down."

Such humor is the common intercourse in Arkansas, but when it penetrates to the polite world it is believed to be fabulous. Will Rogers, the jewel of the New York Follies, was born in Arkansas and has carried on the Arkansas tradition. Cracking jokes about princes, prime ministers, and metropolitan foibles while he does miracles with his cowboy lasso and loudly chews his "chawin' gum" he is but the reincarnation of Davy Crockett, who could skin a panther with his bowie-knife while making quips to set the gilded capitals of Europe laughing. These feats build no triumphal arches nor give new work for the map-makers, but they are no easy accomplishments. The men that do these tricks have achieved heights of mental agility that few attain. And the race that can produce such men is as salty as the race that flowers in Napoleons and Fochs. Arkansas is that race. One such wit might be an accident. But Arkansas repeats.

Uncouth audacity is the tradition of Arkansas. The trick of the Arkansawyer is to capitalize his boorishness. It solves his problem in a flash. Why did no other race think of this solution? What medicine for the New Englander fighting his "inferiority" until it drives him crazy? The Arkansawyer says: "Look, I am a buffoon. With one hand I drive my mule, with the other I toss off epigrams." He therefore has no desire to ape gentility; he knows he is as good as anyone. Even as the Southern Negro long believed that the white race was made for him—to amuse him, shelter and feed him, and protect him from his enemies, so the Arkansans believe that the duller race of Rome and Paris and all the glittering world of white shirts, table linen, chefs, opera, tiaras, and taxicabs were made for them—made as a background and a setting for their inspired buffoonery. There is no Freudian grouch in the soul of Arkansas. This is the unique distinction that makes the tribe worth while. They have not, in all their philosophy, any complaint against anything. They are the only white tribe among us that habitually fiddles and sings.

But why has the Arkansawyer never pushed this claim? He doesn't know it. What then does he glory in? He's a joiner of high-sounding, meaningless societies. He prides himself in the fact that "Albert Pike, America's most illustrious Mason, reached the zenith of his career while a resident of Arkansas," and that "the poet laureate of Masonry, Fay Hempstead, is a native Arkansan," and that "the only man ever invited to speak before the New York Lodge of Elks, not a member of the lodge, was an Arkansan." These claims were put forth in the *Congressional Record* last year to show what Arkansas has accomplished in eighty-six years of statehood. The non-member that appeared before the New York Elks was probably Will Rogers. His appearance before the Elks seems to the Arkansans a greater distinction than that his wit has made him a favorite with the smartest audiences of a world metropolis. Another claim that the Arkansas Congressman makes is that Arkansas was the "first State to pass the bone-dry law." But this is typical Arkansas ignorance. Maine and Kansas voted dry a generation ago, while State-wide prohibition came to Arkansas during the World War. But the Arkansawyer's scorn of history and letters and of all things outside of Arkansas has long been the trait that distinguished him in the eyes of other peoples.

So here is a civilized tribe—civilized in the sense of the "Five Civilized Nations" of the Iroquois—that has no literary tradition. Few can read in Arkansas, and those who can, do not. Their own legends, jokes, and coon-skin fables suffice them. They hark back to no classics. They have as little use for Greek culture as a Nevada dry farmer for the canals on Mars. An Arkansas printer named Fields recently removed to Orangeburg, S. C., and there started a paper, the *Daily Field*. At the beginning of each editorial stood the caption in black letters: "Fields Says:" And what Fields said was distinguished, but one perceived he did not write the stuff himself. He told me that he simply couldn't write general editorials. But in an old house he had found a book full of the sayings of Bacon, Swift, Johnson, Addison, Thackeray, and Lamb. These he ran in his editorial columns as original matter. The Arkansawyer supposes every one to be as unlettered as he is. This "editor" had never heard of Addison and Thackeray and supposed that his Carolina readers were equally ignorant.

The unwritten lore of Arkansas is self-reliant, witty, and grotesque. Its utter vulgarity may be explained by the lack of any strain of gentility in the Arkansas race. The "Speech of Senator Jones," known to every adult in the State, and treasured by him as the New Englander treasures the Ride of Paul Revere, begins: "Mr. Speakeh, God damn you, Sah, I've been trying for half an hour to get your eye"—and proceeds amid the most unutterable coarseness, phrased in rounded periods, the eloquence of the hogwallow, to argue heatedly against the bill to change the name of Arkansas to Arkansaw. Who was Senator Jones and where did he make this classic address? Who composed the endless ballads, fables, and droll tales that constitute the Arkansas legend? We do not know. There is no scholarship to expound them.

The Arkansawyers have a legend, a ceremony, and a ballad for every occasion, from the planting of a turnip to the cutting of a bee tree. When I was buying shoes preparatory to shaking the dust of Arkansas from my feet, the merchant laid business aside for the moment and sang me that twenty-verse ballad: "When I Left Arkansas." It is full of pathos as well as rollicking fun, and concludes with:

> And I got drunk as a boiled owl when I left Arkansas.

Every old Southern State has produced scholars, except Arkansas, according to Mencken's dictum, and no man of first-class intellect was born in Arkansas, lived there, or even passed through that State. That is why he has a curiosity to go and look upon that peculiar human kennel. And why shouldn't he? For it is high time that some critical mind turned inquiringly to these people and added to

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the American archives their short and simple, but not uninteresting story. Washington Irving crossed the State of Arkansas, but merely to enjoy the beauties of its natural scenery. Arkansas has mountains of quartz that glitter in the sunlight with every color of the rainbow. It has marble of all kinds and colorings, the outcrop of a single marble bed being visible a hundred miles along the White River. There is no part of Arkansas save where man pollutes it that is not beautiful, no spot that is not a veritable mine of wealth. Its soil is rich and varied, its forest covering is of the choicest woods, cypress, white oak, red oak, hickory, and pine, and its mineral wealth is unbelievably diverse and vast. Arkansas is the only State that produces diamonds, and its output of pearls is greater than that of all the others. To enjoy this natural splendor, Irving came with Audubon, who was classifying the birds. It is time for someone to come and view those rarer specimens, the people.

A region as rich as Arkansas would long ago have been exploited by the soldiers of fortune and the planter-entrepreneurs had it not been segregated from the routes of the world. The captains and founders of first families having passed by on the other side, the buck privates inherited Arkansas. Blood will tell, and it told. The struggle of history saw other States rising to the rank of general officers, but first sergeant is as high as Arkansas ever got. But as every soldier knows, good sergeants are the backbone of every successful army. And Arkansas has moved steadily ahead in population, wealth, and industry. Whence came this population of nearly two millions? There is no immigration. Arkansas has fewer unmarried men than any other State. It got its population as it got everything else it has—manufactured it at home. In Arkansas men build their own houses, cobble their own shoes. It is what makes these people bold. In the highland half of the State there is probably not a man over forty who has not once or twice gone into the woods and hewed out a home, that is, purchased a tract of wild timber or received it as a gift from the government, and with his own hands cleared the ground, split the rails (or "busted 'em open makin' rails" as they call it, the word "split," although used by Lincoln, being unknown in rural Arkansas), hewed the logs for his house or muled them to a saw-mill, carved wooden hinges, made the doors, and riven the shingles by hand with a frow. In a word, Arkansas is a land of raw materials and raw people. The people take hold of the materials and fashion themselves such wealth as they desire. And their desire is the only limit to their wealth. They own it all in fee simple; there are no masters to oppress them and they occupy without molestation a land unbelievably rich and a climate most favorable. But they desire little. No ambition consumes them. Their wants are limited to their needs and normal human needs are not much after all. Hence their merry motto: "I ain't got nothin', and I don't want nothin'." In the great war of man against nature, science against ignorance, Arkansas has remained a neutral.

Were it not that Arkansas is incorporated in the United System of Go-getters it would have remained like the Balkans, a land where men have had forty centuries of farming without a step of progress, that farming being the same as Rome's and Rome's the same as Adam's. But Federal bulletins and State agricultural college bulletins and Ford's tractor bulletins are everywhere, and some of the farming done in Arkansas is scientific. Besides the opulence of timber, soil and water, minerals and precious stones Arkansas was blessed with upland rice. The planters in that State grow fabulous fields of it, ten bushels more to the acre than any other State, according to their claim. It is grown on flat prairie land underlaid with a water-tight clay. They dike it and flood it with pumped water, which because of the hard pan stays there like water in a saucer. When the rice ripens, the water evaporates and the farmers roll in with great harvesters—the machinery of the wheat country—and bind up wealth so fast as to startle the world. The farmers in that region pay the highest income taxes of any like area in this country.

At the opening of the World War, Arkansas was for Germany to a man. The people were still in the mood their fathers were when they threw the British out of New Orleans. They had to make a complete about-face when they were drafted. There is no foreign population in Arkansas to speak of. Yet the Union Station in Little Rock has a great "immigrant section" occupying three-fourths of the station, and it is filled with ragged, ill-smelling, greasy men and women with sacks, bundles, and bedding, with dogs and innumerable, miserable young. This mass of nondescript humanity sleeps huddled on the station floor as best it can and remains herded there until the trains they are awaiting are announced and Red Caps lead them in bewilderment to their cars. These "immigrants" are the native Arkansawyers! In Hot Springs, Arkansas, the Government maintains one of the world's great resorts, and visitors from all the civilized sections come there in rolling Pullmans. En route they behold around them the mangy herd of Arkansawyers and they shrink away shocked and questioning: "In the name of God, what manner of men are these?" In this inadequate essay I have tried to suggest the answer. Here is the dictatorship of the proletariat in America. These scrub-stock people have been free to work out their own destiny under ideal conditions. They have had no intelligent class among them to prey upon their dulness. Capitalism has not laid a heavy hand on them, for they have been always in touch with free land, free water, and all raw materials free. And where labor is free and land is free there can be no capitalism. The lumber companies and the railroads in the past have tried to exploit these simple folk, but you can't lay hands on a land-scratching people roving through forests of free land. Like a greased pig, they elude you. Money has been kept down by barter—corn and pork being used as an exchange medium when there was no cash. For tax-money the people could always trap a few coons and sell their hides. Some of the more obliging officials as late as five years ago would accept coon skins in lieu of taxes due, and cash the furs in the best market. This is in the highlands of the State. The lowlands have their cotton and rice to sell.

How rich is Arkansas? About the same as boastful Kansas or the once mighty South Carolina. In population also she ranks with these. But Kansas is almost totally literate and was peopled by militant New England idealists. South Carolina was the cradle of aristocracy and literature on these shores and once contained the richest landed society in America. These were the rice planters of the coastland. Arkansas, the land that has no history, the land of illiterates, Arkansas the moron sister, see, she walks saucily abreast of them now. The richest landed society is in Arkansas today! These are the facts; what can your philosophy do with them? Is it brains or luck that makes America?

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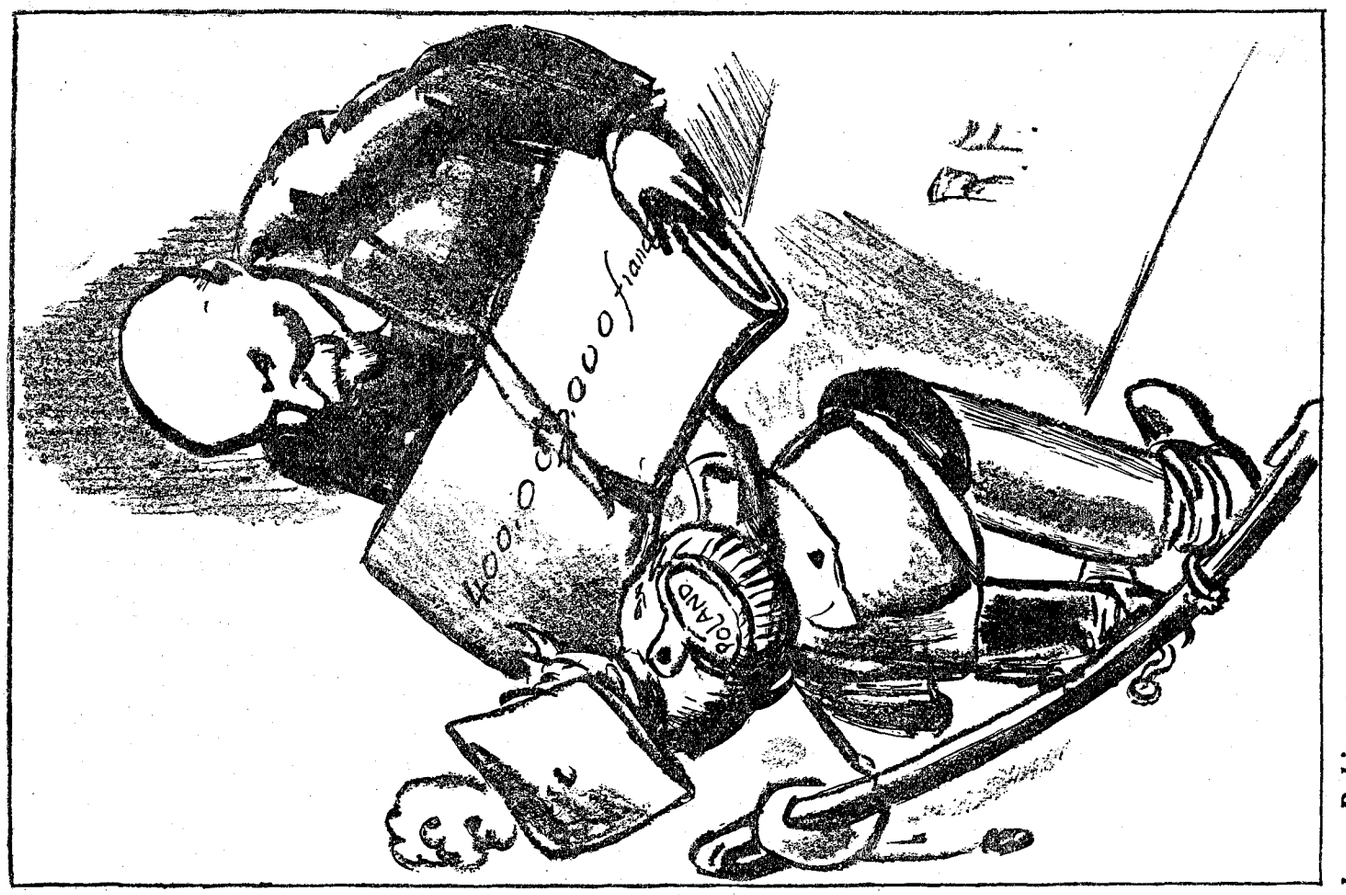

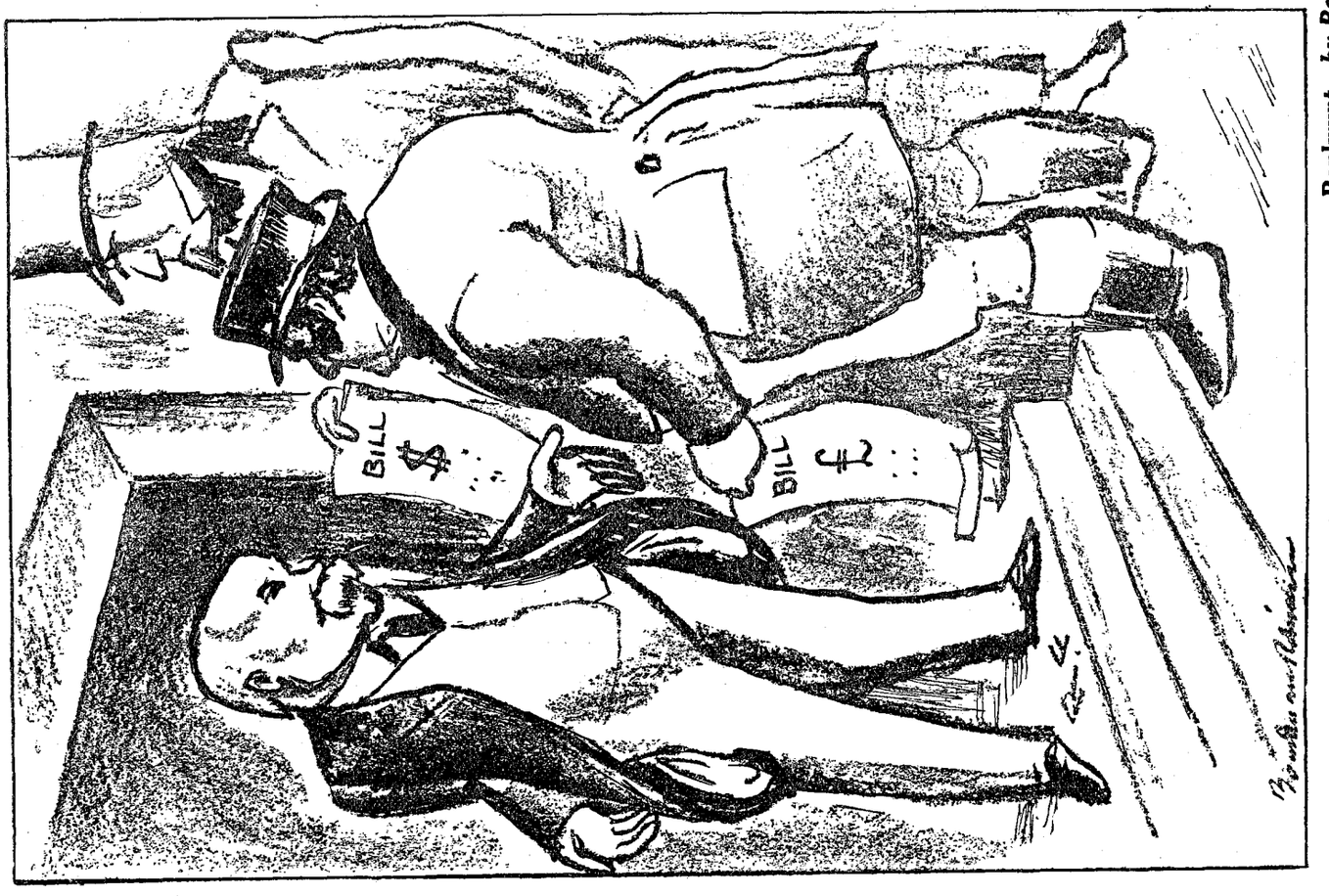

Bankrupt—*by Boardman Robinson*

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Borah Court *versus* Root Court

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

IT begins to seem that Senator Borah will be even more influential in fighting the Court produced by the League than he was in fighting the League.

Unless some strange change is somehow contrived and accomplished there will be more Senators in opposition to the Court produced by the League than there ever were Senators willing to join the old "Battalion of Death" in its march across the floor of the Senate and across the opinion of the country in search of the honor of destroying the League or of being themselves destroyed.

The new Battalion of Death is stronger at this moment than the old Battalion was at the corresponding moment of the fight against the League. It includes Senators whom the old Battalion was never able to enlist. Then some of them have joined the new Battalion in the manner of Nicodemus, who "came by night." They are receiving instruction in the arts of irreconcilable warfare from veterans.

The old Battalion overwhelmed the League by a barrage of reservations. The new Battalion will be armed to the tip of the tongue with reservations but it will not disdain other weapons. Any weapon will be regarded as honorable if it wins honor by drawing blood from the Court produced by the League and by Mr. Elihu Root.

Glowing interest has been aroused here by a statement in an article in *Foreign Affairs* regarding Mr. Root. The article is by Mr. Manley O. Hudson, who knows. He is a member of the Secretariat of the League of Nations besides being a professor in the Harvard Law School and besides having helped in Paris in 1919 to construct some parts of the Treaty of Versailles. He says that when Mr. Root was helping to construct the Court which Mr. Harding is now recommending to the country the chief "contribution" to it made by Mr. Root was the suggestion that the election of the Court's judges be intrusted to the League.

This revelation has been received by the new Irreconcilables with passionate pleasure. On the floor of the Senate there will be numerous ribbons offered to Mr. Root to adorn his already considerably decorated reputation.

He wished us to join the League. He promised the voters of America that if they voted for Mr. Harding they would get into the League. Having promised, he went to Europe to form a thing which Americans adore—namely, a court. In forming it he collaborated with many Europeans. But was it they who suggested that the election of the Court's judges should be intrusted to the League? Ah, no! They realized—so it will be said—that the American people had rejected the League by a majority of seven million. It was not any of them that tried to circumvent the decision of the American people and to entice the Republican elephant across the bridge to Geneva by holding up before it an adorable judicial peanut which it would not be able to touch and munch until it had strolled through the voting apparatus of the League Council and of the League Assembly. No, dear members of the Farm Bloc. No, sweet radicals of the Northwest, who mostly are charmed with the word court but who at once have ague at the mere mention of the words Elihu Root. It was not any European who tried thus, O you poor betrayed common people, to make our virtues the means of our ruin. It was Root! It was the attorney of the wealthy, which is to say the wicked. It was he! Depressing the price of your wheat in order to make you pine for a European market, his all-powerful clients, the International Bankers, sent him to Europe to lead you by your idealism and by your hunger into the toils of European international financial imperialism! So choose now! Are you for a court? Certainly. We all are. But are you for an Elihu Root court? Are you for a court by the man whom Mr. Harding denounced for having associations which rendered him unfit, as Mr. Harding said, to be a guide for America in international affairs? We ask you.

And the answer, it is hoped, will be like the answer which the voters of New York State gave recently to the newly proposed State constitution which its enemies denounced by denouncing Mr. Root as its author.

The sad or glad fact is that the pro-Leaguers have been far too active in providing the League with offspring. Hardly a morning passes without our being awakened in Washington by the thin, faint, appealing cry of some little beautiful international infant, such as a commission to withstand the ravages of anthrax in all lands, or a board to improve the depth of harbors on the margins of all seas, or a caravan of crusaders to rescue all the girls of all the globe from all the marauders who might ever try to molest them, or a universal bureaucracy for snatching the poisonous poppy from the hands of the universal human race.

We hear the infant; and we go out to see him in his little basket on the front doormat; and we admire his aspirations; and then invariably we find a little tag attached to him by Mr. Manley O. Hudson, saying:

"His mother was the League of Nations. Now won't you marry her?"

It has got on our nerves. We now begin to say:

"We hate the very looks of this charming child. Every time we stroke its forehead the editor of the New York *World* writes an editorial saying: 'Now you see what a nice lady his mother is. And he really looks like you a lot, too.' It is all too clear. Instead of washing the dirty dishes that are lying around all over Europe, this woman spends her time producing idealistic children with millennial characters for an ulterior purpose. James, take this child and throw it into the middle of the street."

Yet it becomes necessary to adopt some child. The country is full of people who yearn to bring up a little international foundling in their home. They particularly want one who will grow up to look a little bit like an enlarged composite picture of the nine elderly gentlemen who in the north wing of the Capitol at Washington spend so much time preventing one national legislature from going wrong.

In these circumstances Senator Borah is seen coming forward with just the right infant in his arms.

"This infant," says he, "has no European parentage whatsoever. It comes of the purest irreconcilable American stock. Its European rival, brought over here by Mr. Root after his last stay in Paris, is said to be able to cry for peace when people want it. My infant is guaranteed to cry for peace whether people want it or not, and to keep on crying till it gets it. Here you are!"

It is hoped that such an appeal will reach and touch every element of our national life, all the way from the American Peace Society to the Home Market Club.

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter has a friend who is a college professor; more than that, he is a member of Phi Beta Kappa; recently he lost his Phi Beta Kappa key; and thereby a Driftway hangs. Some weeks after the loss the Drifter was riding in the subway and presently the subway guard, wearied by his labors, took a seat opposite. His coat was open, a watch chain hung protectingly across his middle, and from the chain a small gold key depended prettily. "What," said the Drifter to himself, "is it come to this, that the path of Phi Beta Kappa leads but to the subway?" But of course such was not the case. It was the professor's key, and the guard, after being satisfied as to the rightful owner, duly returned it without once suspecting how near he had come to fame.

* * * * *

THE point of this story is neither that subway guards should not wear Phi Beta Kappa keys nor that wearers of Phi Beta Kappa keys should not be subway guards. But the Drifter has been interested from time to time to note in what varying regard Phi Beta Kappa keys are held. Among the uninitiate they are apparently an indication of sobriety and honesty. The initiate look upon them somewhat differently. There are those, mostly worthy persons in middle life, who wear their keys openly and in a conspicuous place, nor as far as the Drifter can see are they more or less respectable therefore. There are those, particularly among his younger friends, who look upon their keys with a sour eye when they look upon them at all. And this is surely strange, for though one might expect advancing age to bear with it an increasing suspicion of all honors and rewards, youth, being not yet disillusioned, might be expected to accept such things at their face value.

* * * * *

THE truth is, of course, that at no time is one so disillusioned as when one is young. Full of energy and yearning for a chance to make over what is obviously an imperfect world, the young man looks around him at the men who were once young like himself, but who have already had their chance; worse than that, he looks at the world which these venerable gentlemen have spent their good years in improving. Is it any wonder that youth is spared no illusions? On the other hand, with advancing age comes a softening of mental vision; Charity, who has been anxiously peering around the corner for some sign of melting, enters the portal and soberly takes a seat by the fire, where it is nice and warm; the world cannot be as bad as it looks, muses the defeated champion, nor I, whose honors are thick upon me, quite so unsuccessful.

* * * * *

AND if all these things were not enough completely to rob medals and titles of their glamor for the young, our young person would have only to note how accidental the whole system of rewards was. He, the young Phi Beta Kappan, could name ten men in his class upon whom such an honor would sit worthily, but who lacked it. Evidently the solution is to reward only the elderly and romantic. And this to the Drifter looks like an excellent idea. He himself has in mind certain letters which would not look amiss after his name; what if he has done nothing to earn them? Is not the dignity of years and white hairs and a belief in Santa Claus sufficient? THE DRIFTER

King David Faces Fire

[*From the mass of correspondence that has poured into* The Nation *office since the publication in the Midwinter Book Number on February 14 of the prize poem, King David, by Stephen Vincent Benét, we have selected for publication a few letters or parts of letters representing the violently diverging views of our readers.*]

The Vengeance of Benet

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At last Uriah the Hittite is avenged. The prophet Nathan couldn't do it. The historian, who did not hide the truth but frankly told the evil of his hero, couldn't do it. But Uriah the Hittite has been avenged by Stephen Benét; and no one can ever forget, after this, that the sweet singer of Israel was a groveling hypocrite. If only some Nathan can be found to penetrate the secret places of the heart and some historian to tell the unvarnished truth, Mr. Benét may have material with which to puncture with his clever pen a thousand of our admirations and pleasant illusions about the good and the great.

We shall have new insight into the beautiful writings of every genius. Take some of the psalms accredited to David—an introduction of realism seems to give them a different meaning. For instance:

> King David sang to his hook-nosed harp,
> As he gazed with desire at Uriah's wife,
> "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

I have read Stephen Benét's prize poem and I cannot forget it; I cannot forget the march of it; I cannot forget the sarcasm and insolence of it. I am sorry that he wrote it, and I am sorry that he wrote it so well that *The Nation* was in honor bound to award it the prize and publish it. It will wound the sensibilities of many people who know that men are impulsive and weak but who believe that there are compensating God-like qualities by virtue of which some men are great.

Saranac Lake, New York, February 17 EDWARD T. WARE

A Competing Poet's Praise

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Congratulations on the prize award! It is an extraordinarily fine poem, the best I have seen from him.

Santa Fe, New Mexico, March 23 WITTER BYNNER

Psychoanalysis Called For

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If this poem had been written for some college magazine or for the "Ten Story Book" or for *La Vie Parisienne* it would be bad enough, but to be vaunted as a prize poem for *The Nation*, which is supposed to be eligible for a man's household, calls for protest by your readers.

This poem can serve no good purpose. Obscenity, when necessary to point a moral or even adorn a tale, is permissible in literature. But this is merely a sophomoric rehash of a moral that has been beautifully portrayed in the Bible without obscenity.

This poem contains no new theme, no new plot, and in fact does not even follow correctly the original tale.

What effect do you suppose this collection of obscenity, irreverence, and utterly bad poetical metre would have on some sweet young girl or upon the cultured ladies of any household? My advice to you, wholly unsought, I am free to admit, would be to have the awarders of this prize poem psychoanalyzed.

New York, March 24 WILLIAM P. BARRON

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A Pleasant Shock

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Is it too late to congratulate you on King David? I like the shock of finding poetry in an economics magazine. Also, the Bible is so pitifully dead to plain, ordinary people, that is, to those who do not read it, that turning David from a psalm-singing angel into a live, lovable, erring human being is a real achievement.

"Why should I suffer for what was pain?
A cherished grief is an iron chain."

Wise old thing who wouldn't have any insides! Remorse disintegrates the will; it keeps you from doing something about it, and, among mortals anyhow, breeds furtiveness, pettiness, and cruelty. It's probably aside from the point, but William Blake remarks that

"Excess of sorrow laughs."

Cos Cob, Connecticut, March 15 Mary Pastorius

Jehovah as a Biographer

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Though I be but a layman and a woman I raise my voice in defense of King David.

Stephen Vincent Benét plays up only that part of King David's life wherein he sinned greatly, placing Uriah before the army to be killed in order to obtain Bathsheba, Uriah's wife, for himself.

David's repentance and punishment are barely mentioned by the poem-writer, yet there is a whole chapter in Psalms (51st) descriptive of David's lamentation and repentance for this unjust and wicked deed. And we have assurance that Jehovah did forgive him for it is testified that he was "a man after God's own heart." (Acts 13:22.) David's punishment was great, for he was driven from his court and from Jerusalem by his own son. Furthermore, Jehovah sent Shimei after him to curse him. Imagine David's embarrassment and humiliation, when Shimei came following after him throwing stones and casting dust, calling "Begone, begone, thou man of blood and base fellow; thou art taken in thine own mischief because thou art a man of blood!" David was not allowed to build the temple on account of his sins. This must have been a great disappointment as he it was who had gathered the material.

If Jehovah were like most of our biographers he would have kept quiet about David's great sin—this is just one proof that the Bible history of David is divine.

Suppose one should write a lot of verse playing up some one of the baser deeds of Benét's (if he has any) and call the poem Stephen Vincent Benét. I wonder if he would be willing to let it stand as a representation of his character? Certainly not. Then why call this poem King David when it only pictures David in his greatest sin, which he repented and atoned for—was punished and forgiven? Elsie Abby Williams

"Luredune," Miller Lake Co., Indiana, April 2

A Test of Independence

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I use King David as a test to discover whether my churchgoing friends possess an independent moral judgment or not. If they do they praise the poem. If not, they defend David. It requires courage and a clear sense of ethical values to declare that the Lord's anointed, besides the sin which he confessed, sometimes practiced a species of hypocrisy.

As to the immediate importance of Mr. Benét's admirable sermon, is it so very long since we heard David's refrain: "Break mine enemy's jaw, O Lord, for thou art king above all gods"?

Brooklyn, April 7 D. W. Curtis

Among the Immortals

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Stephen Benét's poem King David is a miracle and has the right ironic end. I congratulate him heartily. He doesn't need to go farther; he is there now.

Chicago, March 15 Edgar Lee Masters

Without Pity and Devoid of Reverence

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: That this poem is the best shows to what degradation the art of Lowell and Browning and Tennyson has fallen in these days when brain power seems to be concentrated on science.

King David, who at his best rose above his sin and his generation to such lofty heights of spiritual insight that his words have inspired millions of seekers after God, is here depicted as a foul hypocrite even in his repentance when "prowling" and "growling" he prays for the life of his child. Why should the courageous, austere prophet Nathan be called that "talkative Jew," "wry and dying," and "barking as a jackal can"?

The Lord God himself is called "crafty" and shown tempting to lust. The whole poem reflects the type of mind of the Russian atheist without pity and devoid of reverence.

Boston, March 7 Lucia Ames Mead

Reverent, Delicate, and Restrained

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Judging from certain past winners I had intended suggesting that *The Nation* might do better with a dancing endurance race than with a poetry contest. But King David by Stephen Benét completely justified your worthy project.

It is, first of all, deeply reverent. It scoffs with righteous cleverness at outworn lauds of the lusty killer-king and his approving deity; it reverences the overtone that not through the stab in the back can godliness grow.

Secondly it is delicate and restrained, especially when compared with its force. It took 3,000 years for a poet to discover David's "hook-nosed harp"; one among many flashes of wonder.

My heartiest congratulations on crowning a good poem from a good poet.

Hastings-on-Hudson, April 10 Clement Wood

A Free Admission

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I freely admit that the prize poem was big stuff. I don't think it had, as you suggested, "beauty and insight" (at least not the kind of beauty that is in the Psalms), so much as power and understanding. In general I don't like the Negro-camp-meeting style of poetry, but I make an exception for King David. The style fits the theme.

Boulder, Colorado, February 15 Easley S. Jones

Wasted Beauty

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It seems extraordinary that Benét should waste such deft craftsmanship on pointlessness. He is like a musician with a fine rich tone playing five-finger exercises. To be sure, here is the robust carnality of the Old Testament; it is used, however, not as a basis for a real and a spiritual substance—but as the substance itself.

Benét's posture of irony is absolutely in fashion; but this fashion and the classic narrative form of King David are singularly ill-fitting.

Philadelphia, February 26 Leslie G. Shaw

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Books

Hudson's Last Book

A Hind in Richmond Park. By W. H. Hudson. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

"THE Hind in Richmond Park" belongs properly to the class of conversational, intimate books, but instead of communicating bare facts, the staff and wallet taken up and set down again in rest-haven, escapades, genuinely heroic or merely gesturous, it lays bare the valorous intimacies of a flexible and loftily rich mind. In a number of his other books, in "Idle Days in Patagonia," in "Far Away and Long Ago," and in "The Naturalist in La Plata," for example, Hudson unstintedly poured out the chronicle of his early life on the pampas, in the Argentine, and in Patagonia. He told us then how an accident befell him in his youth, happy and unhappy in its double meaning for him: happy in that it changed him at one stroke from a mere physical being into a gallant "traveler in little things" among birds and animals and quaint old folk-lore, into one who rides fearlessly through the secret heart of nature, and becomes thus huggermugger with her innermost moods and phases, imbibing a simple lore that is most prized by the true humanist.

The present book was left unrevised before Hudson died, but it is in its way a perfect expression of the man. His theme is multiple, inorganic; he meanders at will, from nature to life and art, and his incidental allusions, whether to his boyhood days on the pampas, to skirmishes with the Indians, to cattle-herding and sheep-shearing, teem with all sorts of felicities; they are almost invariably pointed and suggestive and never range outside the pervasive conversational tone.

Starting with a hind, which he casually lighted on one day in Richmond Park, he proceeds to discourse on the sense of hearing, of smell in man, animals, and birds, on the migratory instinct, and on music and art. He concludes, pardonably enough I dare say, seeing that he was a field naturalist, by being quite dissatisfied with art as the final expression of emotion; he looks forward to some unanticipated medium which man, he believes, will in good time evolve out of himself. This may be so, but Hudson gives us no dim clue as to what this new, untraditional form of expression might turn out to be. It is sufficient, I think, that the longing for a more perfect mode of human self-unfolding possessed him; it gives us the sharp taste of the man, the color and simplicity of his thought and feeling. Of this new medium he says:

"A way and a means, then, to something better than art, or at all events more satisfying, not only to the artistic-minded person and to those who specialize in some form of art but to the people generally—to everyone. Something, it may be added, which will inevitably come in due time if the world and its human inhabitants continue to exist for a sufficiently long period without the usual periodic setbacks."

One need not of necessity agree with Hudson at every point in order to relish this last engaging volume of his. There may be, as he hints, unsounded moral depths in man out of which he may later on derive equivalents for art, but a sense of history would lead us to suspect that it is war or some such purely extraverted or brute mode of human articulateness. Oddly enough, his own instinct for artistry in words is precise and sure, and it was his robust mind and distinguished literary gift that won for him such diversified admirers, to name only three, as W. H. Massingham, John Galsworthy, and Cunningham Graham.

That he half-realized this is now fairly indubitable; for he continually refers to himself, but always with an elegant air of deprecation, as a field naturalist, as though indeed he considered himself rather less of a nature student than a nature lover. Witness, in proof of this, his depreciatory reference to Sir James Frazer, who is a pure absentee scholar; and his reference to Darwin, who was a speculative scientist with a fatal hobby. Nature he loved, to be sure, with a high passionateness that is quite rare in such an ingrown age as ours is and, what is even more relevant perhaps, is that he knew how to mold his love into beautiful forms of English prose.

In "The Hind in Richmond Park," Hudson unseals at once the dignity and the whimsical hue of his mind. It is not surprising to find him admiring Chaucer, for he was inescapably drawn to all that was forthright and spontaneous in art and life. He abominated the contemporary habit of introducing abstractions into art and literature; he loathed whatever was artificial or heteroclite and hence his almost dour impatience with "artistic revolt." But his lucid distinction of the intransigent gulf between poetry and music, and his brief refutation of Santayana's definition of art and beauty to be found in "The Sense of Beauty," is eminently worth pondering.

PIERRE LOVING

Fantastic Formulas for Fate

His Children's Children. By Arthur Train. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

The House of the Beautiful Hope. By Robert S. Christie. Thomas Seltzer. $2.

The Tree of the Garden. By Edward C. Booth. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

THESE three novels take place in New York, England, and Portugal, and they diverge in plot and treatment as widely as in scene. But all three authors alike seem obsessed with the desire to reveal the ways of Fate to their readers. The people of their books move not so much like human beings as like figures juxtaposed in an equation. The protagonist of each book is Fate.

Mr. Train's god is a jealous god and inexorably opposed to any worship of mammon. "His Children's Children" introduces in fifty vigorous and very readable pages a lovable old pirate of finance, his materially successful son, and his three wayward granddaughters. Then we are overwhelmed by retributions. Mr. Train has cleverly made the Kayne family uncorrupted at heart and ostentatiously dissipated, beautiful or strong according to sex, vivacious and vivid; they are very good companions. But as calamitous justice visits them with too obvious an intent they petrify slowly into statues pointing a moral. Mr. Train would be a most entertaining raconteur if he did not attempt to mount the pulpit.

"The House of the Beautiful Hope" is a fantastic altar at which fantastic visionaries prophesy and exhort. A child is reared there, beautiful and preternaturally wise; and in her a young English painter, escaped miraculously from his soulless money-lusting wife and the worldly clergyman her father, finds his dream-girl. That portion of the book laid in England arouses a moderate interest in the unfolding of three strong and well-drawn characters. But the House of the Beautiful Hope in Portugal is a gaudy pasteboard house; the romance is as unconvincing as grand opera. The worship of the gods is carried on with too much pomp of parable, allegory, inspired singing, and rapt disregard of the usual human mingling of vice and virtue. Pepita, it is evident from the first, is not long for this world. She is, in fact, never of it; and the world she lives in passeth the mundane understanding.

The most plausible of the three books is "The Tree of the Garden." The plot is simple: a wealthy boy of the type known in childhood as "mamma's pet" falls in love with a beautiful but crude country girl; the affair is frustrated by the treachery of a girl whom he trusted and the ill-advised officiousness of his mother; and unhappiness follows for everyone concerned. In this book Fate is disguised as a too-purposeful chance. The author's main concern is not with the story but with the setting. His evocations of atmosphere are brilliant and sometimes

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beautiful; his panegyrics on love feeble and frequently ludicrous. The essay or prose poem, rather than the novel, would seem to be Mr. Booth's forte.

Each of these writers has a talent not possessed by the others: Mr. Train can tell a story rapidly and well; Mr. Christie has a mystical imagination; Mr. Booth's prose has at times a mesmerizing quality. But they share their faults. They evolve plots to justify their convictions and choose stock types to act them, instead of creating characters and letting them live; they have the non-criticalness of devotees and impose their sentimental loyalty to personal ideals on their books. In short, they are too intent on their own good intentions.

EVA GOLDBECK

Psychiatry and Sin

The Kingdom of Evils. By E. E. Southard and Mary C. Jarrett. With an Introduction by Richard C. Cabot. The Macmillan Company. $5.50.

IT is difficult to avoid the personal note when one comes to evaluate a posthumous work. Mr. Southard died so recently that his status as a psychiatrist and sociologist cannot yet be known. Certain it is that his services to society were great. His was the sort of personality that permeated his work to the extent that it is difficult to separate the two. Charming in his friendships, bitter in his enmities, taciturn and garrulous by turns, he exhibited that cyclothymic reaction which he alludes to in his present book and which has been found associated with brilliance and inferiority—seldom with mediocrity. He did more than any man of his time to further the cause of social psychiatry. This was indeed said in substance of him lately to the reviewer by two men who knew him well, one a friend and the other an enemy. In the present volume he runs full tilt against what he conceives to be the greatest enemies of the social order: vice, ignorance, poverty, and disease. As ever, he is on the side of the angels, but a human, all too human, knight.

As a whole, the book is as pretentious as its title. Mr. Southard has endeavored to include between two covers all the fleshly and spiritual ills of man. To approximate success in this, he has fallen into the pitfall so tempting to all brands of scientists, that of classification. Thus he has divided the spheres of social work into three—public, social, and individual. Then with great care he has selected seven cases which he insists show all possible combinations. This is of course convenient and gives both the writer and reader a pleasant sense of completeness. The chief objection to it is that it forces the selection of cases not intrinsically instructive, in order that they may fill out a certain niche, arbitrarily prepared. Also, in spite of Mr. Southard's attempt to anticipate the objection, it is difficult to see how a case quoted as a paradigm in a work on social psychiatry could present individual aspects and neither public nor social ones.

In the second part of the book he has continued this scheme by dividing major forms of evil into five, which he calls somewhat grandiloquently the *Regnum Malorum: Morbi,* or disease; *Errores,* or educational defects; *Vitia,* or vices; *Litigia,* or legal difficulties; and *Penuriae,* or economic difficulties. He represents them respectively by M, E, V, L, and P and then proceeds to search for cases showing all possible combinations. Here again selection of cases must yield to mathematical precision of indexing, for the author is determined to exhaust all his combinations of letters and finally does so. There is also possible confusion in using the abbreviation P in the above two cases.

A bit confusing to the lay reader also is the author's insistence that his sociology is a psychiatric one; and he reiterates on page after page that the worker must have the psychiatric point of view. To be sure, psychiatric terms are used glibly: psychoneurosis, hallucinosis, dementia precox, cyclothymia, schizophrenoses, geriopsychoses, terms such as these stud the pages. Here and there a hasty definition is given, sometimes, alas, in psychiatric terms. Nor do many of these terms agree with the classification of mental diseases agreed upon a few years ago by a Committee on Statistics of the American Medico-Psychological Association and adopted as a standard by the National Committee for Mental Hygiene. Mr. Southard was a member of the first-named committee, by the way. But this is perhaps a minor fault. One could wish, however, that the work as a whole had been condensed. There is a vast amount of reiteration, statement, and restatement of the obvious and literal transcripts from the records which have only a tenuous relevancy.

Mr. Southard is quite obviously out of sympathy with the viewpoint which looks upon crime as evidence per se of psychopathy. He alludes to this doctrine with something like indignation at times. But nowhere does he enumerate his criteria. Thus, he says that this one commits a crime because he is psychotic and that one commits a crime not at all because of mental disorder. In short, it is first and last Southard who passes on the matter.

In spite of these defects, the book should serve to stimulate interest in social work, especially from the point of view of studying the personality and mentality of the social unit, the individual. The social worker will find much to interest him in the book. He will get the impression of sitting by Mr. Southard in his clinics, of visiting with him in the houses and workshops of his patients, and of listening to his comment, always entertaining, often instructive. Had Mr. Southard lived, he would no doubt have evolved gradually a textbook of the subject, wherein his views would have assumed more clarity and crystallized into easily assimilable formulae. As it is, we take his book as he no doubt would have wished it taken, as the nucleus for other studies, and as the impetus toward a broader, more humane and understanding attitude toward that helpless victim of a complex phylogeny we know as man.

JOHN E. LIND

A Distinguished Novel

The Judge. By Rebecca West. George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

ALMOST every page of Miss West's book is informed with a secure craftsmanship and a sensitive perception of the most subtly veiled implications of human relationships and the ugly or beautiful scenes which surround them. The romanticism, though unmistakable, is a romanticism growing out of her choice of protagonists and the artistic intention of her story.

Ellen, in her sordid Edinburgh lodgings "burning against the gray weather with her private fire"; Ellen, with her fierce pride, her sudden humilities, her shrewd Scotch humor, and her aching desire for "beauty and generosity and courage and brilliance," is a character fully realized. That the entire first half of the book should be devoted to making her so delicately gallant and complete a figure, and in substantiating hers and Richard's subtle attraction for each other and its potential development, is not, we feel, a fault in construction. For it is Richard, after all, who is the center of the story, and the ensuing tragedy could not advance with its full impact if his relationship with Ellen had not been cemented in soil free of his mother's fatefully invading presence.

It is only, however, when Ellen arrives in England in this woman's somber home that the tenebrous magic of the story gathers momentum. Marion is almost unique in fiction. Behind the "trap-door of her hidden self" "her love lies in her like an element." We are familiar in literature with the epic quality of mother love, but in this woman, "crouched down with ear to earth," there is combined a certain astringent poignancy, with

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a complicated and subtle fastidiousness, something "languid and alert" and modern, yet dark, brooding, and predestined to tragedy. The technical skill with which the scroll of her past is pressed through the tortured aperture of her memory is admirable. Yet though Peacey, her lover's butler, is in appearance and psychology convincing, and Miss West brings all her most persuasive skill to bear in explaining Marion's marriage to him and his subsequent assault, we are not really carried over the threshold of credulity; consequently Roger, with his Russian combination of feebleness and transcendent love, never becomes much more to us than a ghost, although Marion's and Richard's reactions to the ghost appear always as authentic.

One is, however, movingly convinced of Marion's own tragic suicide. It is in the essence of her character, and the scene in which she looks for the last time through the window of her home is charged with some of the mysterious, haunting quality of "The Turn of the Screw." In fact, every time this woman appears one is sensible of that heightening of emotional tension which an actor whose art has achieved genius produces in one whenever he comes on the stage. When, however, after her death Richard, goaded suddenly in the midst of his tortured memories into killing Roger, thus realizes Marion's most secret apprehensions, we remain incredulous. The ghost of Roger receives the ghost of a knife. Ellen and Richard have been the victims of an illusion. And in the very end of the book where Ellen is made to reflect on the bitterness of the "two human tendencies: the insane sexual caprice of men, and the not less mad excessive steadfastness of women," we suspect that Miss West has permitted a personal cry to obtrude somewhat feverishly in her thesis. For, if we have understood her correctly her entire story has been woven around Richard's tragic passion for his mother and his inability to be unfaithful to it. And the quality of his love for Ellen, before he sees her distorted through the lens of his love for Marion, shows a potentially enduring devotion. His parting demand of her cannot, either, be thought of exactly as a sexual caprice, unless one is to accept woman as the passive or suffering recipient of men's embraces. Is it, perhaps, that Miss West, turning the searchlight of her reason on an unresolved conflict in herself unconsciously reflects the conflict in the form of a conviction?

One regrets a certain teasing and excessive virtuosity which she displays, the coloratura trills so neat and dextrous and irrelevant, obscuring one's appreciation of the long-sustained tones of dark and resonant beauty. Yet, in spite of any deficiency in restraint, or the development of her story, Miss West's genius in this book flows with a luxurious rushing intensity informing every sentence with the shimmering sapience of her mind.

ALYSE GREGORY

The World War

A History of the Great War. By John Buchan. Four volumes. Houghton Mifflin Company. $20.

WHEN the authoritative history of the World War makes its appearance fifty or a hundred years from now it will in all likelihood be the work not of one man but of many. No individual, be he gifted with the industry of a Gibbon or a Rhodes and the editorial and assimilative capacity of many Rankes and Lord Actons, will be able to encompass in a scholar's brief productive lifetime the tremendous body of material that shall have accumulated on the most gigantic conflict the world has ever seen.

One man equipped with the best of tools can in a lifetime level a hillside; he can at best only scratch the surface of a mountain. The increasing number of cooperative historical works is but the recognition of this physical fact as applied to the writing of history. And as the sources grow more numerous this tendency is bound to become more marked. The great historian of the future will, in fact, primarily be a great editor.

Such individual works as that of John Buchan's serve their purpose, however. They summarize in an effective fashion the facts already revealed, unifying them into one coherent whole.

Mr. Buchan served as liaison officer with the British troops in France during the early days of the war. Later he held the position of Director of Information in the British Foreign Office. Through his hands there passed the reports of British agents, military and civil, from all over the world. He was thus in an unusually advantageous position to report the war, although, as he is at pains to explain, no confidences were violated and no secret archives disturbed when he wrote the book. In this he appears to have been more scrupulous than some of his superiors now rushing to print with their revelations.

Writing from the patriotic British point of view, Mr. Buchan does not gloss over the mistakes of his countrymen, whether it be the failure to appreciate the true meaning of the Somme offensive or the persecution of conscientious objectors. Nor does he ever minimize the contributions of his country's allies or the valor of the enemy.

"As the skies darkened above her," he writes of Germany, "and the number and the armaments of her enemies increased to a fatal preponderance, she rose to a greatness which had been wanting in her first magniloquent dreams. Her people suffered extreme hardships patiently, and did not break until they were assured of defeat. Her armies showed both individually and in the mass the utmost valor and resolution. It was no contemptible foe that yielded on 11th November."

The chapters on Russia and the Russian revolution are perhaps the least satisfactory in the book. Like so many others he had been a firm believer in the idea that the Russian masses were enthusiastic for the war, a belief dictated more by his hopes than by the facts. He had written in one of the volumes of the Nelson history that form the basis of the present work: "From the start the nation had been united. The campaign had been a popular one beyond any in her history. It had been recognized by every class as a struggle not only for national existence, but for the essential ideals of civilization and humanity." That may have sounded all right in 1916 but it has a hollow ring now.

In discussing the revolution itself, the author appears to be swayed first by his repugnance for the "dreamers of the Smolny, drunk with vainglory" and most responsible for Russia's terrible state, and a feeling that after all the Russian debacle was the inevitable outcome of long-continued conditions and that "no tinkering or welding could save the fabric. Russia must go into the furnace to be saved anew."

In describing the military phases of the war Mr. Buchan is perhaps at his best. While he does not condone the most glaring mistakes made by the Allies he is charitable to the individuals most responsible for these mistakes, taking the position that in modern warfare the factor of luck is too deeply involved to blame any one too harshly. He is thus generous to Sir John French after the latter's costly blunder at Third Ypres and to Nivelle whose tactical mistakes after the Somme prevented the end of the war in the spring of 1917 instead of in the fall of 1918. He is more vigorous in his criticism of the governments of France and Great Britain who needlessly interfered with their generals. "They chose to regard the Somme as a failure," he writes, "and ignorant of the mercies vouchsafed to them, declined to reap the fruit of an indisputable success. Nivelle offered a brilliant gamble; but in accepting it they rejected a sober and certain victory. The French debacle of May, the horrors of the Third Ypres, Caporetta, and the final downfall of Russia, the 1918 retreat from the Somme, the Lys, and the Aisne may be implicit in that fatal decision."

In discussing the position of the United States Mr. Buchan gives a faithful account of the circumstances that led us into war, although he gives too much credit to the Wilson Administration for far-seeing statesmanship. For some unexplained reason he finds no place in his work for any account of the internal situation in the United States after the declaration of war.

BARNET NOVER

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Government Analyzed

The State. By Franz Oppenheimer. Translated by John M. Gitterman. Second American edition. B. W. Huebsch, Inc. $2.

LIKE the light and the air, government is taken as matter-of-course. Sometimes this or that form or mode of government comes under popular scrutiny, and occasionally changes are effected by exercise of the popular will, as, e.g., from autocracy to constitutionalism, or from constitutional monarchy to republicanism; but government itself—that is to say, the state as an historical phenomenon—is seldom regarded in the light of a *corpus vile* for dissection and research. Mr. Oppenheimer has in this small volume carried on to a conclusion the work of the late Professor Gumplowicz of Graz, in considering the history and development of the state, from its earliest rudimentary appearances down through its various differentiations and integrations to its present highly organized form. He does not follow the a priori or speculative method which all English and American writers on the state have invariably followed, from Bentham and Locke to Carey and Woodrow Wilson. His method is purely historical and sociological (in the Continental use of the term, not in ours) and therein lies its greatest merit.

Though short, it is a hard book to read, requiring a high degree of concentration and some constructive imagination unless one be prepared for it, say, by acquaintance with the fundamental economics of the Physiocrats. But it is quite proper to say that at just this stage in the progress of public affairs, both in this country and in Western Europe, there is no book current which approaches it in practical value to a reader; for it enables him to answer for himself a number of questions which are just now pressing for answer, with uncommon definiteness and force.

For example, more than ever before, probably, people are wondering at the disparity between the moral code which the state enforces upon the individual and that which itself accepts. The state represses private murder; yet itself organizes murder on a colossal scale. It represses private robbery; yet it organizes robbery at wholesale upon weaker communities. It represses private theft; yet it organizes theft into a quite elaborate system in its own behalf and that of its beneficiaries, through tariffs and various forms of indirect taxation. It is a legitimate matter of wonder that, as Principal Jacks points out in the February issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the most important and conspicuous examples of anarchy are today furnished by the state, which, nevertheless, is rigorous to the point of silliness in repressing anarchistic tendencies in individuals. A thoughtful person must wonder, too, at the invariable disposition of the state to act against the general interests and in favor of the special interests, and at the enormous amount of pressure that must invariably be brought to bear upon the state before it will forgo this disposition—e. g., in the matter of so-called "welfare legislation."

There is no more valuable service, clearly, than to put a reader in the way of giving a competent answer to questions like these, and Mr. Oppenheimer's book does just that. By observing what the nature of the state is, what its origins were, and what has been the course of its development, the reader can perceive at once that the phenomena of the modern state which give rise to such questions are logical and to be expected. He becomes aware, furthermore, of the course which history indicates that he should follow, the tendencies in society with which he should cooperate, in order to effect the transformation of the state—or, strictly speaking, its disappearance.

It is an interesting testimony to the quality of academic freedom under "Prussian autocracy" that after publishing this book Mr. Oppenheimer held without trouble his place in the University of Berlin, and only left it when, during the war, he was called to a higher place as professor of political science in the University of Frankfort.

ALBERT JAY NOCK

Books in Brief

The East Wind. By Hugh MacNair Kahler. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

Unusually well-written thesis stories from the *Saturday Evening Post*, embodying a conservative's *cave* against social, intellectual, and moral discontent.

Peradventure. By Robert Keable. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

The irrepressible author of "Simon Called Peter" discovers religious doubt.

Star of Earth. By Morris Dallett. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

Short, colorful romance of South American revolution. For the admirers rather of Joseph Hergesheimer than of Richard Harding Davis.

The Church on the Avenue. By Helen Martin. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.

How a small-town minister comes into conflict with village magnates. Thoughtful in the working out, but rather bare as fiction.

Rube. By G. A. Borgese. Authorized translation by Isaac Goldberg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Elaborate analysis of the neurotic intellectual in Italy before, during, and after the war.

The Girl Next Door. By Lee Wilson Dodd. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

An interesting character dragged into a preposterous and far too "whimsical" story.

Picture Frames. By Thyra Samter Winslow. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Sophisticated stories about simple people. The milieu of O. Henry and the philosophy of the *Smart Set.*

Falsifications of the Russian Orange Book. Edited by Baron G. von Romberg. B. W. Huebsch. $1.

At last this extraordinary revelation of Entente deceit appears in English. The full text of the correspondence between the Russian Foreign Office and the Russian Ambassador at Paris in July, 1914, compared with the text as published in 1914, reveals the deliberate deception of the world in 1914. The book was reviewed in *The Nation* last December.

Comparative History, 1878-1914. By the ex-Emperor of Germany. Translated by F. Appleby Holt. Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.

A translation of the comparative historical tables reviewed in *The Nation* last October, which show the ex-Kaiser as earnest and as poor an historian as M. Poincaré himself. This edition is adorned with sixteen pictures of Wilhelm and his royal friends, and suffers by sacrifice of the tabular form of presentation.

Drama

Actresses

A LATE spring and many plays and a general sense of weariness and disillusion. Can this jaded place be the theater? The plays seem empty, the acting mere antics. All that is festive is gone. Do the very lights burn dim? The cleverest scenery turns to lathe, lanterns, canvas, tawdry and inchoate. You close your eyes and see a favorite hill, a remembered bend of shore-line. But disillusion has its deceptions too. If suddenly, on one of these evenings, the curtain were to rise on greatness, humanity, energy, resonance—we should all recover at once what now seems irrecoverable and find in some dusty playhouse mountains, shore, and sea.

Even Mr. Clayton Hamilton, I imagine, will stint the assurance of his praise at the latest play of Sir Arthur Wing Pinero. Pinero had, at his best, a certain adroitness and energy as a

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social casuist. He was always sapless and pedestrian; he never had a touch of poetry or ardor. Now, having fallen upon alien years and the success of Barrie and the expressionist experiments, he tries to wring from himself symbols, poetry, vision. The sorry result is "The Enchanted Cottage" (Ritz Theater) wherein it is demonstrated that to the eye of love all geese are swans, which is true, and that therefore it is just as good to be a goose as a swan, which is silly, and that, finally, we can reconcile ourselves nicely to the destruction of war if only the cripples and the shell-shocked can each find some woman to whom he seems whole and sane. Having come to that highly satisfactory conclusion, Sir Arthur seems audibly to carol that God's in his heaven and all's right with the world. There is dream pageantry and whimsicality and a witch, a very good, kind witch. There are cherubs and imps. There is "comic relief" that will bring the vicarious blush of shame to the cheek of the most hardened for a dramatist whose historic position, at least, has some importance and some dignity. What alone makes the production tolerable is the winning eloquence of personality and speech that belong to Miss Katharine Cornell.

Miss Cornell cannot be held accountable for Pinero; Mrs. Fiske can be held strictly accountable for a certain Lillian Barret. The spectacle of so distinguished and experienced an artist as Mrs. Fiske disporting herself in "The Dice of the Gods" (National Theater) is depressing. Those who deplore, far more than I do, what seems to them the low ebb of dramatic art might profitably list the plays accepted within any given period of time by those eminent actors of the older generation whom they delight to honor. I have seen Mr. John Drew star in a concoction known as "The Cat Bird"; I have seen Mr. Otis Skinner in one driveling monstrosity after another; Mrs. Fiske, who once played "Hedda Gabler" and "Hannele," has during recent years appeared in a series of plays that have no more relation to the drama than the novels of the old *Family Herald* had to literature. She is still crisp and enormously intelligent in her methods; she still has her touch of bird-like eerieness; she still cultivates speed to the point of being unintelligible; she can still make a banal line glitter like a phosphorescent wave. But what, in the interpretation of a notable drama would be delightful art, degenerates here into a series of rare and curious tricks.

The tradition of brilliant acting in wretched plays is strenuously upheld by Miss Alice Brady. Good judges do not know how excellent an actress she is. They cannot be expected to sit through such things as "Anna Ascends" or "Zander the Great" (Empire Theater) by Salisbury Field. Miss Brady has great breadth and human richness of execution; she is delightfully ingratiating; she rings true. She is at the period of life most favorable for all the great and grateful parts in the history of the drama. She insists on playing in straight movie-mush. In "Zander the Great" there are a flivver and a ranch in Arizona and a baby and cowboys and bootleggers. Rough hearts are melted by the baby, the bootlegger reforms; the voice of the turtle is heard at the end. Miss Brady acts as well as ever. The difference between drama and drivel does not give her pause.

Miss Helen Ware returns to the stage in "Within Four Walls" (Selwyn Theater) by Glen McDonough, which is a rough and melodramatic medley of imitations—imitations of "Milestones." "Little Old New York," "Not So Long Ago." The episodes are unrelated except through the fact that each is supposed to concern some member of the Minuit family; the historical color and flavor are thin and external; the action is grossly melodramatic, incredible, and yet dull and flat. And in the midst of this stuff Miss Ware has one moment of high, concentrated, passionate fury worthy of a Medea and another of brilliant, keen-edged vulgarity worthy of Mrs. Warren. But she returns to the stage as neither Medea nor Mrs. Warren, but in the dramatic experiment of a musical comedy librettist. Such is the influence of distinguished actresses on our stage.

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L. L.

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International Relations Section

Putting Austria on Her Feet

THE report of the League of Nations on the progress of its measures for restoring economic stability in Austria was summarized as follows in the London *Economist* for March 31:

The Geneva Protocols, embodying the League of Nation's scheme for the financial reconstruction of Austria, were signed on October 4, 1922. In the execution of the scheme up to December 31, 1924, three main periods may be conveniently distinguished: (1) The period before the negotiations for the external loans (roughly, October, 1922, to January, 1923); (2) the period during which the external loans are being negotiated and raised (this may, perhaps, cover a large part of 1923); (3) the subsequent period till the end of 1924, when the budget should be balanced. The first of these periods may be regarded as closing with the meeting of the Council of the League and its Austrian committee from January 29 to February 3, 1923. It is the object of the present article to describe the progress made between the signature of the Protocols and this date.

The Reconstruction Law

Austria was required by Protocol III to draw up "within one month, in collaboration either with the Commissioner General or with such provisional delegation of the Council of the League as may be appointed, a program of reforms and improvements, to be realized by stages and designed to enable Austria to re-establish a permanent equilibrium of her budget within two years."

The delegation appointed for this purpose arrived at Vienna on October 17, and worked there continuously till December 15, after which the Commissioner General, Dr. Zimmermann, took charge. The Austrian Government drafted a Reconstruction Law, including provision for economies (administrative reforms, reorganization of state enterprises), and for new taxes (higher customs duties, consumption taxes, direct taxes, and taxes on business transactions). Its terms, as amended after discussion, were agreed with the delegation, and the law was passed by a majority vote on December 3. In addition, a detailed program showing the maximum expenditure permissible under each main heading and the estimated revenue at different periods till the budget was balanced, was agreed between the delegation and the Government. The expenditure allowed under this program is at the annual rate of*:

January, 1923	.....	569.7	million	gold crowns
July "	.....	535.8	"	" "
January, 1924	.....	477.9	"	" "
July "	.....	438.9	"	" "
December, "	.....	350	"	" "

The estimated revenue receipts in 1923 exceed the latter figure, but the yield of new taxation is difficult to calculate. A margin was therefore allowed, and with this margin the delegation was satisfied that the program, if properly executed, was such as to offer a prospect of budget equilibrium by the end of 1924.

Law to Confer Plenary Powers

The Austrian Government was also required to "lay before the Austrian Parliament a draft law, giving, during two years, to any Government which may then be in power full authority to take all measures within the limits of this program which in its opinion may be necessary to assure at the end of the period mentioned the reestablishment of budgetary equilibrium without there being any necessity to seek for further approval from Parliament."

This law was necessarily a constitutional law, requiring a two-thirds majority, and this involved agreement with the Opposition parties. In the form in which it was ultimately passed the law creates an extraordinary Cabinet Council, consisting of members of the Government and twenty-six members elected by the National Council, so as to give representation to the different political parties in proportion to their numbers. Most measures in execution of the program can be taken directly by the Government under the Reconstruction Law, but some of the more important measures, as well as any modifications of the program considered necessary by the Government, must be approved by this Cabinet Council. These discussions are, however, limited to eight days, and in certain cases to three days.

New Bank of Issue

It was an essential part of the League's scheme that the issue of paper money by the Government to meet its expenditure should cease, and that for this purpose a new bank of issue, independent of the Government, should be created and should alone have the right of note issue. The necessary legislation, including the new statutes of the bank, was passed by Parliament on November 14, and the inflationary issue of notes by the Government ceased on November 18. The capital of 30 million gold crowns required was duly subscribed and the new bank opened its doors on January 2. The bank is under the control of a board, which includes no officials, and with the exception of its president, Dr. Reisch, all its members are elected by the shareholders.

The operations of the bank are purely commercial. Neither the Federal Government, the provinces, nor the municipalities issue paper money, or can have recourse directly or indirectly to the funds of the bank for their own needs without paying in gold or securities the exchange value of the notes received. The issue of notes will be kept within fixed limits, the metallic cover being increased by stages from 20 to 33 1-3 per cent; this cover does not apply, however, to that part of the fiduciary circulation which represents loans previously made to the state by the Austro-Hungarian Bank.

The first balance-sheet of the new bank shows a satisfactory position. As against liabilities of 4,471 milliards, viz., fiduciary circulation 4,054 milliards, current accounts 417 milliards, we find realizable assets of 1,195 milliards in gold and securities. The commercial assets amount to 732 milliards, and the treasury bonds remain at the same figure—2,558 milliards—as in the last balance-sheet of the old bank. The reserve in gold and foreign securities therefore amounts to 26.7 per cent of the liabilities, or 6.7 per cent more than the obligatory percentage under the statutes. For various technical reasons the position is in reality more favorable than these figures indicate.

This result is due to the absorption in the new bank of the "Devisen-Zentrale." This was formerly a separate organization under the Government, through which operations in foreign exchange were centralized and controlled. Owing to the return of confidence, the supply of foreign currency—at a rate of exchange which within narrow limits remained stable—proved largely in excess of the demand. The "flight *from* the crown" was replaced by a return "flight *to* the crown." Foreign securities and currencies previously hoarded were brought back and converted into crowns.

Commercial operations previously conducted in foreign exchange were again conducted in Austrian crowns—now become one of the most stable currencies in Europe; and the gold value of the currency in circulation proved inadequate for the requirements of the market. Additional notes were printed, but, unlike those printed up to November 18, every additional note was cov-

* Excluding the contribution to local administrations amounting in January, 1923, to 30 million gold crowns, which is compensated by a corresponding increase in the estimate of receipts.

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ered by its full value in additional reserve of gold or foreign currency. The result was that each of the 4,000 milliard notes circulating in January was better secured than the 3,000 milliard in November; and the value of the reserves of the Devisen-Zentrale rose from £700,000 in October to no less than £4,000,000 by the end of the year.

Financial Position

In the period now being summarized, the expenditure of the Austrian Government was met entirely by internal resources. Up to November 18, the old inflationary methods continued, the Government borrowing from the bank, which increased correspondingly the issue of notes. Owing to the new confidence resulting from the League scheme, this was possible without any of the resulting evils of inflation—that is, without any fall in the exchange value or in the purchasing power of the crown. Indeed, an increase in the note issue was necessary if the crown were not to *rise* considerably in value (an event which would have had disastrous economic results); for the previous fall in exchange value had altogether outrun the increase in the notes, and at the beginning of September the gold value of the total Austrian currency was only 10 per cent of its gold value in 1919. Inflation could not, however, have continued without producing its normal ill effects, and when it stopped on November 18 internal loans became necessary. The Government successfully raised by January 16, 50 million gold crowns on six months' 8 per cent treasury bonds, quoted in dollars and secured on the gross receipts of the customs and tobacco monopoly, in addition to the 30 million gold crowns raised as capital for the new bank of issue and the 18 million produced by the forced loan.

With the aid of these loans and an operation based upon 7½ million gold crowns' worth of certain gold in possession of the Government, the deficit was covered till the end of January. There remained the balance of certain credit advances in 1922 by the governments of France, Italy, and Czecho-Slovakia, which amounted together to about 630 milliards of paper crowns. It is with these funds and certain other limited resources that the Austrian Government had to meet its further requirements until the proceeds of external short-term loans could be available.

Control and Reforms

The first measures of control were instituted by the delegation, which arrived in Vienna on October 18. A special controlled account for the gross receipts of the customs and tobacco monopoly was opened on December 9. All the proceeds of loans are paid into a second account, also under control, and a system of statistical returns was instituted in order to keep the controlling authority informed of the weekly returns of the gross receipts from customs and tobacco, the operations carried out by the central exchange office, the operations of the bank, the position of the central treasury, the total state receipts and expenditure summarized according to ministries, and the advance estimates of requirements week by week. This information enables the controlling authority to decide how far drafts upon the controlled accounts are really necessary.

On December 12 the appointment of Dr. Zimmermann, Burgomaster of Rotterdam, as Commissioner General was announced. He arrived at Vienna on December 15, and began his control on December 16. He immediately took up in detail the question of reform with the Austrian Government. It had been agreed between the Austrian Government and the delegation that 100,000 officials should be dismissed before July 1, 1924, i.e., 25,000 before January 1, 1923, and 25,000 during each subsequent half-year. The Austrian Government carried out the first stage of this program practically up to time. On December 31, 23,651 officials had been dismissed, and by January 13, 1923, the number had risen to 25,494. Dr. Zimmermann considers, however, that this part of the reform program, which will become more and more difficult, necessitates—if it is not to dislocate the whole administration—a general reorganization.

The External Loans

Under the Geneva Protocols, four countries—Great Britain, France, Italy, and Czecho-Slovakia—together guaranteed 84 per cent of the total loan of 650 million gold crowns. Subsequently, Belgium undertook 2 per cent, Spain 4 per cent, and Holland 1 per cent. Switzerland has arranged to make advances up to 20 million gold crowns, equivalent to a further 3 per cent. Negotiations followed for the balance with Sweden, Denmark, and Norway. The first short-term loan of £3,500,000 was issued in the form of one-year Austrian treasury bills, and is preliminary to the long-term loan of £27,000,000 out of which it will be redeemable. To secure its due repayment, as well as that of the Austrian interim loan and certain Italian, French, and Czech credits which are also repayable out of the later loan, and fall within the total maximum of £27,000,000, the gross receipts of the customs and tobacco monopoly are being, and will be, paid direct into a special account under the control of the Commissioner General, who is responsible for retaining sufficient sums to assure interest and amortization.

The original estimate of these returns was 100 milliards of paper crowns a month. This is equivalent to over £3,500,000 a year, and was therefore amply sufficient to cover the interest and amortization of loans not exceeding £27,000,000. But, in fact, the receipts for the first four months average not 100 milliards, but 164 milliards—or at the rate of some 5 million pounds a year. There is thus ample security in Austria's own assets for the service for the full loans contemplated under the protocols, on condition that Austria's general financial and political position remains stable. And in considering whether this condition involves any risk, it is well to remember that the guaranteeing Powers, and, in particular, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Czecho-Slovakia, have a strong financial interest in the maintenance of Austrian stability, since that alone will prevent resource being had to the guaranties for which they have made themselves responsible.

In addition, the lender to the short-term loan has a full 100 per cent guaranty from the guaranteeing Powers, for the four principal Powers have already agreed to make any necessary addition to the percentages they have undertaken to guarantee under the protocols so as to complete the 100 per cent for this loan. The guarantors for the short-term loan are:

Great Britain	24½
France	24½
Italy	24½
Czecho-Slovakia	24½
Belgium	2

The Spanish and Dutch guaranties will be available for the later loan, in addition to the Swiss assistance.

Should the Austrian assets prove inadequate, so that the lenders have to fall back on the guaranties, they will not have to apply to different governments. The governments are already, before the issue of the loan, depositing collateral bonds with the Bank of Switzerland, and if the occasion should arise these will be cashed automatically.

General Economic and Financial Situation

Austria has not been able to avoid an industrial crisis, involving extensive unemployment. During the last quarter of 1922 the number of unemployed rose from 57,849 to 120,525 in December. It was, however, foreseen that this must happen, and when the Council of the League approved the plan for the reconstruction of Austria special attention was called to a passage in the report of the financial committee, in which it was pointed out that Austria has hitherto been living upon public or private loans, which had voluntarily or involuntarily become gifts; that the new advances must be used for the reestablishment of public finances, and not—as in the past—for current consumption; that, therefore, Austria would have to consume only what she could produce; and that the only alternative to collapse into a chaos of destitution and starvation was a very painful transition period of reform.

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The Prosecution of the Kuzbas Colony Committee

at the instance of returned colonists is not the criminal case it purports to be. It is a political prosecution inspired by the hysterical prejudice against all efforts to aid the people of Russia. No such case would be brought upon similar charges of disgruntled colonists returning from any other country. They would be referred to the civil courts.

The political character of the case is evident in the fact that an agent of the Department of Justice and two members of the New York City Bomb Squad handled it, among others, although the technical charge brought by the Grand Jury was Grand Larceny! As nearly as we can find out, it is not claimed that any of the nine members of the Committee profited personally or that a dollar was misappropriated. The sole claim seems to be that Kuzbas took the money of colonists on misrepresentations as to conditions in the colony. We deny that claim and are prepared to prove in court our entire good faith.

Kuzbas is an industrial organization, non-political in character, enlisting American workers, engineers and machinery for the reconstruction of industry in two great centers of coal and steel production in Russia. The Kuzbas industries at Kemerovo, far from being disrupted, are making real progress in production.

Over 400 people went to Kemerovo in the last year. The American workers have charge of the coal and chemical production in Kuzbas, and plans are being developed looking toward the control by American workers and engineers of the great steel plant in the Urals. The Management was reorganized last fall in the interests of greater efficiency, and the American Organization Committee, whose members are now indicted, has been abolished. It was replaced by a Managing Board of three, one of whom is now in America.

The prosecution appears to belittle the value of the Kuzbas concessions. In fact they are worth millions of dollars. The steel plant alone represents a pre-war investment of over $10,000,000 and had 16,000 employees. These properties were taken off the concession market to try out an experiment in American workers' control.

The colonists who quit because of dissatisfaction with conditions have not affected the conduct of the enterprise. Those who are on the job are endeavoring against great obstacles to reconstruct almost paralyzed industries.

In connection with this prosecution of our former American committee undue prominence has been given in the press to the identification of Roger N. Baldwin with the committee, doubtless because of his national reputation as Director of the American Civil Liberties Union. Mr. Baldwin generously and without compensation acted on the committee as organization adviser because of his interest in the experiment. There appears to be evidence that reactionary influences, opposed to many of Mr. Baldwin's activities in behalf of civil liberties, sought to damage that work by connecting him with a criminal prosecution.

Most of the members of the former committee are workingmen with working-class connections. Kuzbas is an experiment in workers' control, as well as in the reconstruction of strategic Russian industries by American industrial skill.

In order to make known the facts of the enterprise and the nature of the charges against Kuzbas, we are inviting a committee of distinguished American liberals to examine its operations and to make a public statement.

Fortunately we have funds with which to carry on our legal defense and we do not need to appeal for outside help. We are represented by Arthur Garfield Hays and Thomas J. Blake of New York City. Those who are interested to follow the case in the courts and to familiarize themselves with the work of the organization are asked to fill out and send us the coupon below.

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Russia's Exports

IN a supplement issued on March 7 at Peking, China, the Rosta News Agency gives a survey of Russia's foreign trade and a brief statement of its prospects for the coming year.

Five years ago, following on the November Revolution, Russia's economic relations with foreign countries, which had been steadily declining throughout the war, completely broke down. In 1918 the Entente began its blockade of Russia. During 1918 and 1919 intercourse with foreign markets ceased entirely. . . . Import trade was renewed in 1920, but the total for that year was still insignificant, amounting in all to 87,000 tons (imports in 1913 amounted to 16,500,000 tons). With the signing of the trade agreements with England, Germany, and other countries imports into Russia rapidly grew in volume, amounting to 185,000 tons in the first half of 1921, 684,000 tons in the second half, and 1,638,000 tons in the first half of 1922.

The development of Russia's export trade since the breaking of the blockade has been much slower. . . . . Goods to the value of 3,000,000 gold rubles, calculated at 1913 prices, were exported in the first half of 1921; 18,000,000 gold rubles in the second half of 1921; and 24.8 million gold rubles in the first half of 1922. If the goods in the first half of this year are reckoned at present-day prices their value would be about 50,000,000 gold rubles. . . .

Until the beginning of 1922 Russia's export trade was not only small, but of an abnormal character. From motives of expediency the goods were mainly addressed to the Baltic states, which were not always their real markets but whence they were redirected to countries with which Russia had not yet renewed official relationships. The following is an analysis of the countries of destination of Russia's exports for the first half years of 1921 and 1922 (the goods are valued at their 1913 prices):

Country	1921 (rubles)	1922 (rubles)
Great Britain	.....	5,541,000
Germany	600,000	1,104,000
Holland	.....	65,000
Latvia	1,694,000	5,704,000
Persia	53,000	837,000
Poland	.....	985,000
Turkey	282,000	4,041,000
Finland	.....	2,887,000
Esthonia	348,000	3,530,000
Other countries	20,000	156,000

Exports during the first half of 1922 still formed only an insignificant percentage—8.8 per cent—of pre-war exports. The possibilities of export during the coming year 1922-23 have been estimated as follows:

	Value in rubles at 1913 prices
Flax	5,000,000
Wool	5,000,000
Bristles	9,600,000
Horsehair	700,000
Cattle offal	1,500,000
Medicinal herbs	4,000,000
Oil and oil products	17,500,000
Manganese ore	31,000,000
Iron ore	4,500,000
Platinum	4,400,000
Metal waste	2,500,000
Timber	25,000,000
Furs	9,000,000
Asbestos	1,000,000
Total	120,700,000

If calculated at present-day prices, the value of the possible exports in 1922-1923 would be about 240,000,000 rubles. . . .

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